

IN BULL, MARCH 30, 1929
WOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE



No. 1189.
Vol. XLV.

Conquer Fatigue - it is the spoiler of good looks



Fatigue is acknowledged to be a spoiler of good looks.

No task is more fatiguing than the weekly wash, the chief anxiety of nearly all women. By taking the fatigue out of washday, Rinso helps you to keep your good looks.

Save yourself Washday worry and weariness by using



THE WORLD'S GREAT LABOUR SAVER

R.S. HUDSON LTD • LIVERPOOL • WEST BROMWICH and LONDON

COMPANY MEETING.

EDWARD LLOYD, LIMITED.

Satisfactory Result.

Policy of Expansion.

The thirty-ninth ordinary general meeting of Edward Lloyd, Ltd., was held on Thursday, March 14, at the head office of the company, 4-7, Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, E.C. Sir William E. Berry, Bt. (chairman of the company), presided. The acting-secretary (Mr. C. L. Waller) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors, The Chairman said: I have now to move the adoption of the directors' report and balance-sheet for the year ending December 31, 1928. You will notice that the profit for the year, after deducting depreciation and income-tax, stands at £360,814 1s. 6d., showing an increase on the previous year of £5,921 8s. 9d. I am sure that, taking into consideration the keen competition which the trade has experienced during the period in question, you will consider this result highly satisfactory. Your directors recommend that £25,000 be placed to general reserve and that a final dividend of 7½ per cent., free of income-tax, be declared on the Ordinary shares, making 15 per cent., free of income-tax, for the year, thus leaving the amount carried forward at the increased figure of £63,292 18s. 4d. It will be seen from the accounts that sundry creditors, credit balances and bills payable show an increase of £125,130 4s. 6d., as compared with last year, and that stock-in-trade and book debts are down by £36,744 16s. 2d. Our gilt-edged investments are less by £6,044 10s., due to an equivalent amount of Government Bonds having fallen for redemption. On the other hand, cash at bank and in hand, standing at £90,097 17s., compares with a debit balance last year of £39,277 15s. 7d., showing improvement in this respect of £29,375 12s. 7d.

Extensions.

As you know, the policy of this company has always been one of steady and careful expansion when they feel such expansion is fully justified. In the balance-sheet you will notice that there have been additions to plant during the past year totalling £202,861 18s. 7d. A great part of this has been paid in connection with the completion of No. 3 machine at Kemsley. This machine, which came into full working in the early part of last year, is now running at a speed and efficiency which I think has not been achieved by any other machine of the same width in any part of the Empire. With No. 3 on a satisfactory basis, and taking into consideration the contracts which we have on hand for both glazed and unglazed papers, your directors have felt that they are justified in proceeding with the erection of our No. 4 machine at Kemsley, and thus completing the unit of this mill.

Additional Employment.

With this machine installed we shall have spent on new plant and buildings since 1923 a total exceed-

ing £2,600,000. The expenditure has, of course, resulted in the employment of a large number of additional men, not only in the temporary work of erection of the plant, but, what is so much more important, permanent employment in the running of the plant.

Security to Newspapers.

I have mentioned that the greater part of our capital expenditure is on account of our Kemsley Mill, but I would also like to explain that your directors have continued their fixed policy of keeping the Sittingbourne mills fully up to date, not only with the full determination to maintain the quality of our product at the highest standard, but also to give all the newspapers that security of supply which has gone so far to gain that feeling of confidence with which they place their contracts in our hands.

Australia.

And this sense of security refers not only to the newspapers of this country, but in an equal degree to those of Australia. As you know, we have supplied the greater part of the Australian tonnage for upwards of 40 years, and it has been a matter of greatest satisfaction to your directors to receive a letter from Mr. Raynham, who has been spending the last few months visiting the Australian newspapers, that the feeling of confidence which these firms have in our mills is as strong to-day as it has been at any time during our 40 years' trading.

Thanks to Management and Employees.

In conclusion, I can only renew our thanks to the management, the staff and the employees in all branches of our firm, both in Sittingbourne, London and Norway. In every department there has been that good feeling and that co-operation between management and men which has been characteristic of Edward Lloyd, Ltd., for many years, and which feeling plays such a great part in the successful working of any industry. It is this pulling together in every department that not only helps us to maintain our existing plant at its present high standard, but also encourages us to make those extensions which result in additional employment, and thus contribute to the solving of one of the greatest of our national problems.

The Chairman then moved the adoption of the report and accounts, which was seconded by Sir J. Gomer Berry, Bt. (deputy-chairman), and unanimously adopted.

On the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Mr. Stanley Cousins, a final dividend of 7½ per cent. (free of income-tax) was declared, making, with the interim dividends already declared, 15 per cent. (free of income tax) for the year.

The retiring directors were re-elected and the auditors were reappointed.

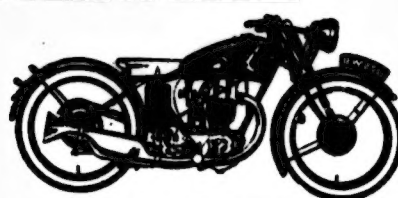
A vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the proceedings.

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Bicycle
for
8/6
monthly

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£4-19-6



A Four-Speed MOTOR CYCLE

for **£39-10-0** or
£9-17-6 down and £3-2-4 monthly.

Models for every rider
and for every pocket.
"250," "350," "Special," "Ulster."
Four Speed. Four Valve. Coupled Brakes.
Saddle Tank.

To Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd., Coventry.

Please mail me your 1929 Illustrated Catalogue of Cycles and/or Motor Cycles. (Strike out the words that do not apply.)

NAME

ADDRESS

J.B. 303. Block Capitals Please. Jd. if unsealed.

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"Put a good face on it"

Thousands of men who used Erasmic Shaving Stick for the first time in National Shaving Week are to-day rejoicing in easier, cleaner, closer shaves that last longer and leave the skin refreshed.

For the copious penetrating lather of Erasmic really does help the razor to do its job—to do it quicker and better. Get an Erasmic Shaving Stick to-day and see how easily and pleasantly you can "put a good face on it."

ERASMIC SHAVING STICK

Blue Tin 1/- Nickel Container 1/3 Refill 10d.

SHAVING CREAM—Giant tube 1/3

E.R. 140-172

(Prices apply in United Kingdom only.)

Erasmic, Perfumery
London

"WHERE'S DADDY?"

A Child's Tragedy

Starvation by Inches



"May"

A DARK shadow fell across May's life when she was barely five years old. One November morning, in her Daddy said good-bye to her before going out to seek a job, and she has not seen him since. Her mother received a line from him that night, saying he had met a pal, and they were going farther afield in search of work. May was not a man lightly to desert his wife and child. His mother writes:—"He was one of the best hands you could wish for, but it was his heart because he could not get his wife and child needed to body and soul together." "What became of him," she adds, "I tell you. There must be something wrong somewhere. He loved his wife so much. He would go to bed every night so that she could get enough for the next."

May is now nine. The years that have passed since her father disappeared have been very hard for herself and her mother, who suffers from acute rheumatism and bronchitis, and cannot work. Bit by bit the furniture was sold to enable them to live, until there were only two chairs, a table and camp bed left. Seeing May wasting for want of proper food, her mother applied to the guardians for an order for the workhouse. The request was denied. The guardians, however, increased her relief from 9s. per week to 16s., which has to cover rent, coal, light, food and clothing. No wonder that when May was examined at school the doctor exclaimed that she was under-nourished. Here is an opportunity for our readers to help not only this mother and child, but many families in like want.

"The Greatest of These—"

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Under the War Charities Act as the John Bull Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to The Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every gift is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

Charles Franklin, 2s.; Mrs. C. Rigby, 1s.; Mary Thompson, 5s.; M. S., 1s.; B. M. (Huddersfield), 1s.; The Merry Crew, 1s.; R. A. Ferneyhough (Monmouth), 2s.; played Sympathiser, 6d.; Jeff (Sheffield), 1s.; Mr. H. Stevens, 12s. 6d.; In Loving Memory of Victor, 1s. 3d.; Nancy, 5s.; Nig and 5s.; H. S. (Birmingham), 5s.; F. E. W. N. R. G. (Merton), 2s.; Little P. Pennies, 5s.; Miss Ethel Hubbard, 1s.; Mr. J. Durdle (Ashford), 6d.; E. C. (Leather (Northwich), 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; C. F. Benson, 1s.; A. D. C. (2s. 6d.); T. D. (Colne), 1s.; Chautauque, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Woolwich), 2s.;

One Policeman's Widow, 2s.; Charles Derry, 6d.; Sympathiser (Leamington), 2s. 6d.; In Memory (Cockermouth), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. J. Pearson (Matlock), 10s.; H. Maiden (Exeter), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. M. Wilkes (Cheltenham), 1s.; Lilley, 1s.; Anon., 1s.; Chloe, 2s. 10s.; Sweepstake, 2s.; Mrs. L. Cooper (Darwen), 1s.; M. S., 1s.; Mrs. A. Hockney, 1s.; Yorkshireman, 2s. 6d.; O. T. S., 5s.; T. W. Wells, 1s.; S. O. Attribill, 2s.; D. Davies, 2s. 6d.; "2" 3s. 5d.; Anon. (Preston), 1s.; Miner's Bob, 2s.; Happy Mother of Five (Bedford), 6d.; Cliff House, 2s.; A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; J. H. Masham, 3s.; A Dufftown Reader, 2s.; D. O. Ogle, 6d.; A Friend (Crayford), 2s.; Mrs. Wm. Bridges, 1s.; W. A. Mortram, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 15s.; With Love, 1s.; A Sailor (W. W.), 10s.; Minnie Powell (Stroud Green), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Driffield), 1s. 6d.; Anon. (Acton), 1s. 7d.; C. Lindon Derry, 6d.; Noreen May, 1s.; M. C. (St. Leonards), 10s.; Mrs. A. Prosser (Brill), 7d.; Mr. G. F. Lowman (Sherborne), 7d.; Mary, 1s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Your Easter Expenses Paid!

Follow the experts on the staff of "The Sporting Life" WEEKLY, who attend all Race Meetings and contribute critical comments and hints. Twopence spent to-day on the "Weekly" may pay all your Easter expenses!

VANCE CLUES OF JOHN BULL'S CROSSWORD No. 7.

Below advanced details of JOHN BULL'S No. 7. Entry Forms for this Crossword, with a £500 Must-be-won prize is offered, will be in JOHN BULL next week. To enter this week for JOHN BULL Crossword which you will find on this page.

- CLUES ACROSS.**
19. Every separate one
 21. Expressing amazement
 24. Concave construction
 25. To taste
 27. Wrathful
 30. A title
 32. Withered
 33. A monster
 34. To draw along
 35. Donkey
 36. Penetrating
 39. Negative
 41. Shade of colour
 42. To care for
 43. To pry
 44. Vehicle
 45. Personal pronoun

- CLUES DOWN.**
31. Myself
 32. To cut
 33. Common tree
 34. Fasten
 37. Point
 38. To bite
 40. Single item

Entry Forms in "John Bull" Next Week.

JOHN BULL'S Great Pen Offer.



This Coupon will be accepted as 2s. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filler Pen fitted with 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pen. Additional Coupons, any number up to five (5) in all, ANY DATE, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.p. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket clip 3s. extra. Name engraved in gold on pen 6d. extra. Cross cheque/p.p. "E. & Co." Make payable to "John Bull." State if fine-medium-broad nib.—JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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HOW YOU ARE SAFEGUARDED
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SUITED & SATISFIED
Each Suit is Cut & Made to your MEASUREMENTS. NO DEPOSIT. Delivered on payment of first instalment of 7/- and then pay 7/- monthly until you have paid in all **52/6**. Overcoats from 30/6. Dinner Jacket Suits from 24/6. All made to measure, on similar easy terms. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Write or call for Patterns, Style Book and Self Measurement Form to—
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NEW CITY BRANCH: Empire House (1st Floor), 8, Martin's-lane (opp. G.P.O.)



Dainticar

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Prompt Delivery. Carriage Paid.
Don't buy any Dain until you have seen our Sales Catalogue. Sent Post Free.
VICTORIA CYCLE & CARRIAGE CO.
(Dept. P.23), 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

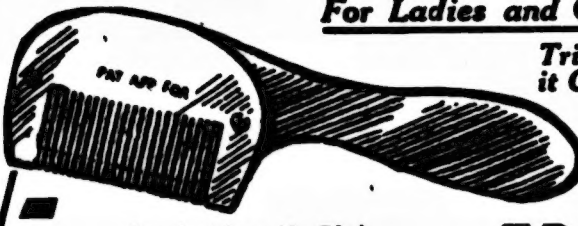
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You think you can't — we guarantee you can!
SAVES TIME AND MONEY

For Ladies and Gents

Trims as it Combs

POST FREE
2/-
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Simple Adjustable Blade.
A Child can use it.
Lasts a Lifetime.

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Keep your hair short and neat. With this simple, yet effective device, you can be your own hairdresser and save pounds and wasted hours in salons. Ideal for women who are bobbed or shingled. Makes removal of superfluous hair on neck a matter of simplicity. A boon to men for personal use and a real money-saver for the family man. A Lady purchaser writes: "When my friends tell me I must spend a fortune at hairdressers I show them the comb." A Gentleman user states: "It has meant the 'sack' for my barber." Get one of these wonderful combs yourself. Send 2/- Now and you will receive it by return complete and ready for immediate use.

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On 18/- down and 11 monthly payments of 6/6.
Carriage Paid. U.K. Model 23. Beautifully Oak-finished Cabinet, 5 ft. 3 in. high, complete with Metal Sound Chamber, Fulltone Junior Soundbox, and powerful Collins Motor. Unusually pure tone and enormous volume. Most wonderful values obtainable. Write NOW for free Catalogue or call. **FULLTONE GRAMOPHONES** (1929) L.C. (Dept. J.B.5) 72, Gannon Rd., London, E.W.1. Also 140 High St. (N.) East Ham; 41 High Road, Tottenham; 41 George Street, Croydon; 319-314 Argyle St., Glasgow; 11 Paradise St., Liverpool; 4, Broad-hungate, Bolton; 85 Oxford Rd., Manchester

FULLTONE

NERVOUSNESS

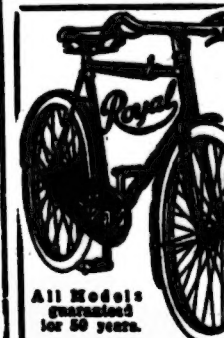
A Remarkably Interesting Book, Throwing a New Light on the Mystery of "Nerves." Offered Free to All Sufferers.

A remarkable new book, "The Conquest of Fear" (recommended by Editor of "Health and Strength"), describing the cause and cure of Self-consciousness, Blushing, Depression, Morbid Fears, Insomnia and kindred nervous disorders, sent privately to sufferers for 3d. only. Send for a copy now and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can conquer your nervous fears!

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YOURS for 5/-

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EXCEPTIONAL RANGE AND POWER.
Everything wireless on easy terms.
WORLD'S WIRELESS STORES, WALLINGTON.



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of ROYAL Cycles. A great opportunity. 6-Guinea Models for **65/-** (or 6/- monthly) 3-speed Model de Luxe for **84/-** (or 7/- monthly) Numerous other models at similar reductions. Send for illustrated Catalogue.

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10 Inch
DOUBLE-SIDED
ELECTRICALLY RECORDED

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FREE for 70 COUPONS



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When ordering please state GIFT and SERIAL number, i.e. Gift No. 348, Serial No. 4880 (or No. selected) and so on.

4880	SONNY BOY. Blue Grass.	For-ten, Vocal Chorus. For-ten, Vocal Chorus.	The Plaza Band.
4876	ALL BY YOURSELF IN THE MOONLIGHT. For Old Times Sake.	For-ten, Vocal Chorus. Waltz, Vocal Chorus.	The Plaza Band.
4874	TIGER RAG. River Boat Blues.	Star For-ten. Star For-ten.	The Midnight Bumpers.
4875	EE-BY GUM. Forty Seven Ginger Headed Sellers.	Comedy Song. Comedy Song.	Walter Miller.
4872	GET OUT AND GET UNDER THE MOON. Is There Anything Wrong in That.	Comedy Song. Comedy Song.	Bob Chalk.
4862	MINNETONKA. The Blue Open Door.	Indian For-ten, Vocal Chorus. Waltz, Vocal Chorus.	Gayety Dances Band.
4865	JUST LIKE A MELODY OUT OF THE SKY. Ray Doh.	For-ten, Vocal Chorus. For-ten.	Murray's Melody Makers.
4832	I'M GOING BACK TO OLD NEBRASKA. Our Songbook of Dreams.	For-ten. For-ten.	Gayety Dances Band.
4829	RAMONA. Together.	Waltz. Waltz.	The Plaza Band.
3645	ALOHA Oe. Sweet Susie.	Hawaiian Music, Vocal Chorus. Hawaiian Music, Vocal Chorus.	Crescent Tunes.
4817	I'M A BROKEN-HEARTED BLACK- BIRD. Sunny Side.	Vocal. Vocal.	Gayety Dances Band.
4295	MR. AND MRS. BROWN AT THE FOOTBALL MATCH. Part 1 and 2.	Dumplings. March.	Harry Hall Co.

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VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6^d 20 for 1/-

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BLACK CAT MIXTURE TOBACCO, 1/- per Oz. Coupons in Every Packet.

JOHN BULL

For the People—

—the Right to Justice and Truth



If you see it in 'John Bull'—it is so"

Breaking the Guilty—Defeatist Flutters Going Pink—A Gold Bar? Bookies' Joy Day

SOME weeks ago we stated exclusively that a much-convicted law-breaker had made grave allegations against a London police sergeant, who was to be charged accordingly by his superiors.

Pending the enquiry, we withheld the names of the accused, Freddie Ford, the notorious "night club king," and of the officer, Section-Sergeant Edwards, of Paddington Green.

The latter's reduction, by a disciplinary board, to the rank of constable, after over twenty years' service, is not too severe a penalty. The Force must be kept clean.

CAUTIONS

The mystery of the unpublished report of the Prince's visit to the North country coalfields grows deeper. On his return to London it was agreed that a graphic description of his tour should be prepared for publication as a pamphlet to be circulated in the nature of an appeal for the Lord Mayor's Fund.

A well-known firm of publishers offered to print the pamphlet for nothing, but the whole plan was dropped. Why?

They won't vote

The election canvassing season has opened. Amateur salesmen—and saleswomen anxious to put across their Party's programme, are now interrupting you as you read JOHN BULL. But already the canvassers in many districts are downhearted. A common reply from householders is that they are not going to vote this time, for they are tired of all the politicians!

An unflattering flutter

The "Majorities Market" on the Stock Exchange is causing anxiety at Conservative Party headquarters. The publication of a figure showing a drop in the number of Conservative I.P.s is a defeatist influence of an indelible type. Headquarters have come to the conclusion that nothing can be done. People will have their little flutter.

Barometer Hodge

As we said at the commencement of the late spate of by-elections, the really critical one was Holland-with-Don, with its agricultural vote. The result of the poll, a sweeping Liberal victory, with Labour a good second, is of profound significance. Personalities mainly affecting the Labour candidate entered the contest, but they did not affect the Conservative candidate, whose fate hinged on his Party. The backbone of Conservative support is the countryside. Can the Party strengthen its hold there in time for the election?

Pulverised and fossilised

The Admiralty is not going to do anything to help our needy coal trade unless it is violently pushed. Most naval ships now burn oil which is imported from abroad, but pulverised

coal fuel has been found to be nearly as good. Merchant ships are beginning to use it with advantage.

But the Admiralty will not even make experiments with the new fuel. It condemns it without trying it—possibly because it might begrime its nice clean ships.

Fashion note

Mr. Arthur Cook, Communist sympathiser, spell-binding orator, Secretary of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, and stage-manager of the general strike, grows less rabidly Socialist each month.

His vivid scarlet is fading. Pink will be worn this Spring.

Purple—but clean

Hard on our last week's exposure of diseased and tainted foreign meat comes the news that the Ministry of Agriculture is preparing a scheme for marking British-grown meat.

If this excellent project is not pigeon-holed and forgotten by some sleepy Civil Servant, you will be able to tell at a glance whether the meat your butcher sells you is English or foreign.

Each English joint will bear an indelible, but non-poisonous, mark, in vivid purple ink.

For years JOHN BULL has agitated for clean meat. At last Whitehall is waking up. We shake hands with ourself.

His Easter message

Sidney Dark, whom you see here, writes on the Trial of Jesus in our two centre pages this week.



This is an Easter article, written from a new angle—the story of the world's greatest tragedy told freshly and simply.

All the details and implications are explained, so that you will understand the story of the first Good Friday as never before.

Mr. Dark is editor of the *Church Times*. Fifty-five years old,

he began as a singer, but soon abandoned music for journalism.

Bullion embargo

The Bank of England authorities are now considering putting an embargo on all shipments of gold to America.

This is an almost inevitable sequel to the policy of supporting American finance in preference to British industry.

An embargo on gold shipments will rob London of its position as a free financial centre and lead to the withdrawal of valuable foreign capital sunk in our industries.

It is high time the whole constitution and powers of the Bank of England were investigated by a Government committee.

Red—but not with blushes

The babyish attitude of an extreme section of the Independent Labour Party towards the Royal Family will again be evident in the agenda of the annual conference, when a possible Labour Government will be urged to "pension them off" and abolish their offices.

We cannot but smile at the members of the Bingley (Yorks) branch, who seek to add to the resolution the words, "The pension should not exceed 30s. a week per head." Poor fish!

Rotsky!

Trotsky declares we shall soon be at war with America.

Just about time

At last British firms, with the assistance of the Government, are making a determined attempt to increase our trade in the immense markets of South America.

An exhibition of British manufactures in Buenos Aires is being arranged by the Department of Overseas Trade in conjunction with Chambers of Commerce and Industries to take place next year.

At the same time, more British salesmen than ever before will be sent out.

Our betting tip

We told our readers, a few weeks ago, that a drastic change in the betting duty was in train.

Instantly numerous "authoritative" denials were issued.

Not only was our announcement true, but it foreshadowed the facts that the alteration will take effect before the dissolution of Parliament, and that the ad valorem principle will be wiped out.

The Turf, fortified so far as "bookies" go by 100 to 1 winners of the Lincoln and the National, is expecting a prosperous year.

After the snows

Look out for developments of the first magnitude in Afghanistan during the merry month of May. The snows will have melted by then.

And don't imagine that because the British Legation has withdrawn we have lost all interest in that, to us, highly important realm.

We have secret agents there who don't miss much.

Airing our view

On Saturday, Imperial Airways announce the inauguration of a regular air service from Croydon to Karachi, in India.

This service will be far and away the

largest and most elaborately organised in the world.

British civil aviation, on the whole, is woefully inadequate.

In Germany, France and the United States, regular airplane services link up every important city, and earn handsome dividends from passenger and perishable goods traffic.

This Indian venture, however, is one feather in our caps.

But why are not twenty firms, all as enterprising as Imperial Airways, inaugurating new services all over the world?

Three failures

The talk of Cabinet reconstruction before the election has given three millionaires (or near it) furiously to think. They are Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister,



Colonel Wilfrid Ashley, and Sir Samuel Hoare.

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister was wealthy to start with, and married more of it. Colonel Wilfrid Ashley came in for a part of the fortune of the late Sir Ernest Cassel, the financier, while Sir Samuel Hoare's more than comfortable income comes from the family bank.

They control between them the Board of Trade and the Transport and Air Ministries, and not one of them has been conspicuously successful.

The Minister of Transport is always clapper and debonair

It is doubtful whether very wealthy men make active Ministers. They do better in the House of Lords, and that is where some of this trio will soon go.

Bit by bit

Members of the Ulster Parliament have not been slow to follow our advice and to demand legislation to deal with the influx of undesirable money-lenders from Great Britain.

Questions have been asked, but the Government has intimated that no action is contemplated at the moment.

We will therefore provide the Ulster Cabinet with further good advice.

Let it pay careful attention to a number of cases which will shortly be held in the Northern courts, and in which there will be startling revelations of harsh and unconscionable interest imposed by the harpies.

Perhaps then the Government will act.

If and when

Sir William Joynson-Hicks has several urgent matters awaiting him, if all goes well at the election.

He will return to the Home Office and deal first with reforms in the department of the Public Prosecutor. The Factories Bill will be made to wait a long time.

This year, next year, sometime, . . .

IF YOU SEE IT—(Continued)

New election issue?

Better counsel has at last prevailed in the Cabinet on the renewal of relations with Russia.

Before the delegation of British industrialists who are going to investigate Russian trading possibilities left London the leaders received a definite undertaking that if their report on Russia is favourable the Government is prepared to renew diplomatic trading relations.

This is an extremely welcome if belated change of mind, for Russia can place orders here which will bring millions of pounds to British industry and give employment to thousands of workpeople.

The delegation will be back just before the General Election, and its report will be placed before the Government in time for it to be used in the closing stages of the election campaign.

Red tape incarnate

The Postmaster-General has refused to have thumb-sets put in the Telephone Directory to enable subscribers to find the name and number more speedily.

He says it would involve delay in printing.

If Sir William Mitchell-Thomson had a wider outlook he would see that time saved by half-a-million subscribers in finding their numbers is vastly more important than a little trouble to his printing department.

Who said "fit for heroes"?

For nearly three years Mr. Bert Lloyd, of Watchet, near Minehead, has been living with his family of growing children in a disused loft, barely larger than a fair-sized room, and surrounded by old, tumbledown stables.

The roof is riddled with holes. There are gaps in the walls and floor. Wind and rain enter unchecked.

The Watchet Council and the sanitary inspector know all this, but nothing is done. The man's application for a council house was turned down, presumably because he was not in regular work.

Mr. Lloyd served throughout the war and has a meritorious Army record. The country he fought for should at least guard his children from this squalor.

Swallowing small fish

Look out for an announcement in a week or two's time of another big film combine, controlling a chain of 160 picture-houses and interested in German and American companies, which are engaged in the production and distribution of cinematograph films.

Negotiations for the flotation of a new company with a capital of several millions are nearly completed.

The film industry is becoming more and more a matter of big combines and international interests.

Soon there will be no room for the small man and the private company.

Whitehall grouse

All politicians praise the Civil Service—they know how much they rely upon it—but they are not all equally concerned to see that Civil Servants are adequately paid.

Great discontent prevails just now about what is known as a "super-cut," and there is indignation at the position of some of the lower-paid Civil Servants.

It is not a dignified spectacle to see Civil Servants holding mass demonstrations against their employers, and the Government should investigate the grievance.

A racecourse riddle

Doncaster ratepayers have been given a "straight tip" that when the local budget is presented at the end of the financial year, it will reveal a profit of something like £8,000 on their famous racecourse.

It seems a useful sum to be put

into the ratepayers' pockets as a present.

But is it enough?

The value of the racecourse, with its stands, buildings, stables and paddocks, is in the region of £250,000. The three meetings held each year, including the great St. Leger, are managed by a committee of the Town Council, so that there are no directors' fees.

How comes it, then, that, with such a huge capital outlay, and with expenses kept low, the profit is something under 2 per cent.?

It sounds very much like bad management somewhere.

A Hopeful change

Mr. J. F. Hope, the Deputy-Speaker of the House of Commons, is one of the M.P.s who will change their constituencies at the coming General Election. Since 1908 he has represented Central Sheffield, but he will not contest the seat again.



Impartial Hope

His new constituency has not yet been disclosed, but it is likely that Conservatives will find a fairly safe seat for him.

Mr. Hope has been much criticised by Socialists for some of his rulings, but his firm and impartial conduct in the chair has, in the end, won their respect.

Had he cared to stand for the Speakership when Mr. Whitely resigned, he would undoubtedly have been elected by an overwhelming majority.

God Save—Halesowen

Is the playing of the National Anthem to be regarded as a sign of unbridled glee? Or is it a blasphemous tune?

The magistrates of Halesowen (Staffordshire) gave permission for a local cinema to be open on Good Friday solely on condition that it was not to be played.

These magistrates are obviously deficient in ordinary horse-sense as well as in loyalty. They have not realised that "God Save the King" is, above all things, a prayer.

There is no reason why prayer should be forbidden on a Good Friday—even by the magistrates of Halesowen.

Taking it out of tramps

The accommodation in most of the Hampshire casual wards is scandalously inadequate.

Recently, when a number of poor devils were turned out of the Droxford Workhouse to make room for fresh arrivals, they had to walk sixteen miles along a friendless road in the drenching rain to the next institution at Alton.

Alton Workhouse, too, needs to put a "jerk" into it. So inadequate are the airing facilities there that tramps actually have to lie abed in the mornings while their sodden garments are being dried!

Why?

The price of sickness

The German airship, *Graf-Zeppelin*, is to make another trip to America in May.

Anyone foolish enough to prefer a slow, dangerous, and uncomfortable method of crossing the Atlantic will no doubt be foolish enough to pay a German company the £400 that is being asked for the privilege.

A one-man band

When Mr. Austin Hopkinson, M.P., was accused of having made a brutal speech in the House on the plight of

the miners the Socialists were a little unfair.

The Member for Mossley has a tender heart, though his arguments are often obscure.

A man with a fixed idea, he is never quite able to explain it. But he is a model employer and a popular man in Lancashire.

Mr. Hopkinson is really a "one-man Party," and although he sits with the Conservatives he calls himself an Independent.

For some time during the war he served as a private in a cavalry regiment, and he was once seen in tears in the orderly-room of the barracks at York because he could not return to his comrades in France after having been wounded.

Food for thought

More than once have we emphasised the fact that, in the education of children, the question of their health is vitally important.

Alderman Travis-Clegg, chairman of the Lancashire Education Committee, agrees with us, for in the coming year he proposes to spend £20,000 (an increase of £4,000) on providing at least one good meal a day to necessitous scholars.

Sound sense, Mr. Alderman. The only thing they learn on an empty stomach is how to suffer.

O wise judge!

Mr. Justice Acton has earned a good mark for his humanity and common-sense.

In merely binding over an unfortunate brother and sister at Huddersfield on a serious charge he drew attention to the fact that in their travesty of a home eight people were sleeping in one bedroom.

"Pitiful circumstances which are a reproach to civilisation," remarked his lordship. Alas! yes.

Dead Sea fruit

The squabble about concessionary rights for extracting potash from the Dead Sea has now got a stage further.



France's Ambassador

A French group has appeared on the scene, laying claim to certain mineral rights in Palestine, and Sir Austen Chamberlain has just sent a reply to a Note from the French Ambassador, M. de Fleurbaey, on the subject.

In the meantime, the concession has been provisionally granted to Mr. Moses Novomecky and Major Tulloch, in equal shares.

A definite offer for the complete concession is about to be made to these gentlemen by the Secretary for the Colonies.

It is a complicated business and there are suspicions that the German potash monopoly may yet get a finger in the pie.

An apology

In our issue of February 23 last we criticised the London Employment Bureau, of 14, Frith Street, London, W., referring to it as a "charitable" institution, stating that an ice porter, having paid 2s. 6d. for registration fee, obtained a job at £3 2s. 6d. per week, and that he was suavely informed that the commission was £1 1s. 3d., which he paid.



Here's the whole Party

We are satisfied there is no foundation whatever for our allegations, and that nothing was demanded or paid other than a reasonable and proper fee for services rendered, and we are anxious to take the earliest opportunity of tendering to Mr. Alfred Marks, who carries on the business of the London Employment Bureau, our sincere apologies for our mistake.

Sweating Tommy

Men who enlisted in the Indian Army on or after October 25, 1925, receive 2s. a day pay, as compared with the 3s. 6d. a day paid to those who enlisted before that date.

A youngster soldiering at home is not too badly off with 14s. a week, plus clothes, board and lodging. But conditions are different in India.

How can a man be expected to serve with equal efficiency alongside a man drawing 1s. 6d. a day more pay than himself?

"Dora's" shabby friends

The Darlington magistrates are real pals to "Dora."

Determined that such a shocking "crime" must be sternly punished, they fined Miss Elizabeth Gale £3, with costs, for selling a newspaper after hours.

The customer was the wife of an inspector under the Act. Was she acting as agent provocateur?

What a shabby business all round!

Workhouse cocaine

Our recent demand for the whole truth about the mysterious disappearance of cocaine from Sculcoates Infirmary, Hull, has been more than justified.

The report of the enquiry proves that the medical officer, Dr. Robinson, who has since resigned, did not make the necessary entries in the dangerous drugs register, and that without permission he used cocaine for his own personal treatment.

That the report was confirmed by twenty-four out of twenty-five guardians speaks for itself.

Secrecy won't help

When JOHN BULL recently called attention to the prevalence of venereal disease in Carnarvonshire, the County Council was highly indignant.

At its last meeting, however, there appeared on the agenda a recommendation that the Minister of Health should introduce legislation for the compulsory notification of all cases.

Immediately that item was reached, several members rose and proposed that the council should discuss the matter in private. The resolution was carried with remarkable unanimity, and the reporters retired.

Why not a frank and open discussion?

De-pir-ating

For centuries the expression "Chinese Navy" has been used with a smile.

Now, however, the Chinese Government has asked for the loan of British Naval officers to help reorganise the fleet. The Admiralty has refused until the embargo on exporting arms to China is removed.

This agreement has been flouted by the sending of airplanes to China.

However, the embargo will go, and the first task of the Chinese Navy will be to put a check on Chinese pirates. British officers will cheerfully help to finish that little job.

Crocodile tears

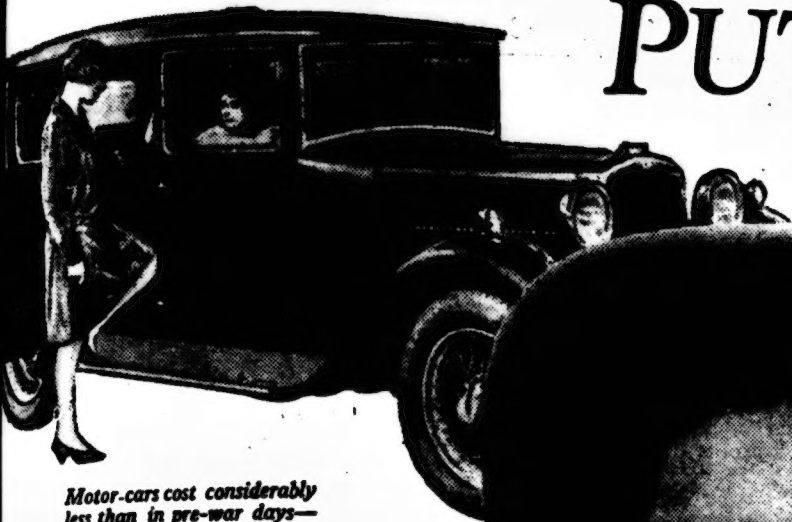
Glasgow is being victimised by the woman who begs with a child in her arms. It is an old dodge, which again and again we have exposed.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children recently "nailed" a woman, accompanied by her little boy, who, although she had been on her "pitch" only half an hour, had collected 1s. 2½d.

Investigation revealed the fact that the woman's husband, who is in steady employment, was not aware of his wife's "side line."

She had resorted to it to clear of debts!

PUTTING the BOWLER ON IT!



Motor-cars cost considerably less than in pre-war days—"Why?" asks this article

SIR HAROLD LOWDEN, BT.

WE have a million-and-half unemployed in this country. The net surplus of our annual imports over our annual exports in 1927 was, according to the latest figures available, £174,000,000.

British traders must fasten on to the figure of £174,000,000 and ask themselves what they are going to do about it. It gives one furiously to think, as they say in France.

Would it not be possible, for instance, to manufacture in this country a very considerable proportion of those goods which we now import without corresponding benefit to our own exports?

You cannot walk down a single shopping street without realising that our people are living to an utterly appalling extent on foreign-made goods which we ought very well to be producing ourselves. We used to produce them, but we are being driven out of our own markets by cheaper goods from abroad.

Take the simplest things: boots, razor-blades, pencils, butter, cheese, even milk, not to mention American films, American plays, and, worst of all, the fact that we dance to negro music manufactured by New York Hebrews.

Some one said a century ago, "Let me make people's ballads and I care not who makes the music."

That is surely true to-day, as applied to our popular music. Young women who spend their evenings dancing to American tunes will care little how they spend their days tapping American typewriters.

Who is going to break the vicious circle? The producers cannot compete, the consumers don't care. I am not going to say that Protection, or Safeguarding, or Merchandise Marks Acts, or American methods of production, or any other of the hundred-one ready remedies that are touted at street-corners will cure the present state of affairs.

Pinching ideas

BUT I do say that we ought not to sit still and do nothing.

I don't know whether it should be the Chamber of Commerce, or the Federation of British Industries, or any other organisation, but industry may need a research department of its own to investigate questions such as I have raised.

I suggested recently that we need something like an Economic General Staff. I was immediately accused of pinching an idea from the Liberal Yellow Book.

I am sorry to admit that I haven't read the Liberal Yellow Book. I have no doubt that it is full of political nostrums for business men's aches and pains.

But I don't believe that trade—any more than anything else—can be made good by Acts of Parliament. The thing in the nature of an economic staff which is appointed by a political Party would only tend to confirm that Party in its political prejudices.

That is not my suggestion at all. What I have in mind is an Economic General Staff, appointed by British industry and responsible to British industry, which would apply itself to research into particular problems and discover their solutions.

Sir Harold speaks without bias—he's prosperous

I say "discover their solution," because I believe that industrial research is just as capable of arriving at definite results as scientific research.

When during the war we set our chemists to find methods of combating poison-gas, they found them. When we set our inventors to fight the submarine they produced all sorts of wonderful gadgets.

Why shouldn't we find a means of fighting American razor-blades and American substitutes for British leather boots?

America is a great nation—in some respects a very great nation—but most of its best brains are British by descent. Everything that is best in America is British—or nearly everything.

We are suffering just now in the industrial world from an American fear-complex. I suggest that we have nothing to fear from America except her size.

America has no monopoly of skill, ability, invention or organising power.

Moss-grown methods

WE have traditions of quality in workmanship that America cannot touch. We have traditions in business relations that America has never acquired. The one lesson that I am prepared to admit America can teach us is that of quick adaptability.

As an old country we are too deeply ingrained with conservatism in our methods. We love what we have become used to and are sceptical of the new.

The other day I met an inventor who told me that he had submitted one of his devices to an English firm, a Continental firm, and an American firm.

The English firm took three months to consider it, and then turned it down; the American firm bought his invention in a fortnight; the Continental firm, I believe, is still considering it.

That, I think, is characteristic.

Age cannot compete with youth under modern industrial conditions unless it absorbs some of youth's progressive spirit. I am using abstract terms. It is for bodies like our national industrial organisations to translate such ideas as these into practical realities.

We do not sufficiently realise that British industry is to-day engaged in a death struggle for survival. Politicians will not admit it, and the individual trader or manufacturer runs with his eyes in blinkers.

But look at the coal industry, look at the steel industry, look at agriculture, look at the textile trades—and deny it if we can. Is our condition in any of these industries remotely comparable to what it was forty years ago?

I speak without any personal bitterness or bias. I happen to be engaged in an industry which is more or less prosperous.

Find out why bowler hats cost so much and you've solved the prosperity puzzle

By sheer quality, combined with cheapness, by progressive methods, by the use, in short, of the traditional British virtues infused with the spirit of youth, we have kept our tails up and have little to fear from foreign competition.

What I want to know is why a bowler hat costs about twice as much to-day as before the war, while a motor-car costs considerably less?

If that question and all its implications were thoroughly investigated, we should probably be on the road to a solution of many of our major economic problems.

I have taken a bowler hat at random, and I shall probably be told that there is every justification for the present price. But I shall remain sceptical.

Just as I am sceptical as to whether there is any reason why Sheffield could not supply us with the millions of razor-blades which we annually import from the country to which we are paying over £30,000,000 a year in war debts.

Politics out of date

MY own feeling is that what we need is Home Rule in industry.

Industry is the major estate of the Realm. I am speaking not in terms of Constitutional politics, but in terms of actuality.

Yet industry lacks a constitution of its own, and, when it is sick and ailing, it flies to Westminster for help.

We are approaching the day when those concerned in industry will realise that they must combine, organise, and rule themselves. Our centre of gravity is shifting from politics to industry.

When we have established the principle that employers and employed are equally concerned in keeping their industrial ship afloat we shall set up a Joint Industrial Council—call it what you will.

Its functions will be to consider, with the help of expert impartial advisers, the problems affecting its own interests.

Those advisers, I may say, will be highly paid, whole-time men. The more highly they are paid the more highly their opinions will be respected.

That Industrial Cabinet will be strong enough to impose its will, where necessary, upon Parliament, subject to certain checks devised to protect the interests of the State as a whole.

I am dreaming of a future that is not yet within sight. What is certain is that without vision the people, whether employers or employed, will perish.

I ask for vision

AND the vision for which I am asking is one that we ought not to wait for Royal Commissions to provide in massive Blue Books which repose on the shelves of His Majesty's Stationery Office.

We want our own paid organisation to collect the data and suggest the inferences in a quickly readable and easily understandable form.

And that suggests one last thought. Economics has always been made too difficult and too obscure. It has been written by professors for leisured students instead of for practical men engaged in everyday business.

Our expert advisers must cultivate the habit of speaking to us in terms of bowler hats and razor-blades, rather than in the terminology of the economic pundits.

IT'S FINE PUBLICITY, Look You!

*The Light that Failed—Cynical Lies—A Faithless Watchdog
Ca'-Canny Cricket—Dank Cellars*

The Rt. Hon. D. LLOYD GEORGE,
Old Queen Street, London, S.W.

DEAR DAVID,—I still think your unemployment pledge a farce—and rather a sorry one. But I admire your vitality, energy, and general "bounce."

While Tories and Socialists are busy abusing your scheme, and thus giving you free publicity, you are stumping the country like a good 'un, selling us all the idea that "L.G. can save the situation, as he did in 1916."

It is all tip-top electioneering, and you are a great little showman. In fact, you may even pull off a miracle at the polls. Whatever happens, you are certain to hold the balance of power in the new Parliament.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERNEST WHITFIELD,
St. John's Wood, N.W.

DEAR SIR,—When warned of coming total blindness, you realised that your hopes of a diplomatic career had been dashed, and that you must find a way to earn a living.

You were well on the way to success as a musician when the war came and again your hopes were destroyed. Now you have resumed your studies, acquired an extensive repertory of music, and by the help of your wife as reader, gained a degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the University of London.

Yours is a shining example.

JOHN BULL.

Ex-Private L. J. WILDE,
Elliotstown, New Tredegar

DEAR WILDE,—The wounded officer whom you carried through shell fire to safety did a noble and just thing when he left you £28,000 in his will.

There is an old French proverb which says, "Gratitude is a burden and every burden is made to be shaken off."

Both Lieut. Griffith, in 1929, and you, in 1916, gave the lie to this cynicism. I wish you the benefit and happiness you deserve from the wise use of this legacy.

JOHN BULL.

His Honour Judge ROWLANDS,
Clerkenwell County Court

YOUR HONOUR,—Learning that a sub-tenant paid £1 a week for three rooms at the top of a house, the rent of which was only £80 a year, you

NOT from 2LO—Sir Henri Deterding

reduced the top-floor charge to £15 a year.

This one decision is typical of a policy which has made you a terror to sub-letting bloodsuckers, who farm out their rooms at extortionate rates to folk who would otherwise remain homeless.

I am a good judge of judges, and I put you right in the first class.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HARRY BULL,
Prisoners' Aid Society, Winchester

DEAR HARRY,—Although we are not brothers, we are related in our efforts for the uplifting of humanity.

Through your society you have assisted nearly 50,000 human wrecks who have passed through your county jail.

While your own home was temporarily unoccupied, two men broke into it. They were convicted at the Quarter Sessions, one being bound over and the other sent to prison for nine months.

When that young rascal has served his term, you will be the first to help him win back his character.

JOHN BULL.

Sir HARRY FOSTER,
St. James's Court, S.W.

SIR,—I notice that you sponsor a "Liberty League," organised to kill "Dora" and repeal all her restrictions.

Provided that shop assistants' rights are safeguarded, I can see nothing wrong in the project.

But before devoting your energies to such a heroic task, I wish you would give all your time to the affairs of English Oilfields, to whose lamentable position I drew attention last week.

The shareholders have a right to your undivided and constant efforts to save them from loss.

JOHN BULL.

JOSIAH POYNTER, ex-Policeman,
Middleton, Manchester

SIR,—I am not surprised that your appeal against a sentence of six months' hard labour for housebreaking was dismissed.

There are few things worse than a constable found guilty of breaking into property he is paid to safeguard.

You must have been a bit of a fool, too, because the house into which you

broke had a good supply of drink, and you got so hopelessly drunk that you lay in the middle of the road speechless.

What I can't understand is why the worthy judge did not increase your sentence, as he had power to do.

JOHN BULL.

Sir CHARLES C. WAKEFIELD,
Hythe, Kent

DEAR SIR CHARLES,—By financing Major Segrave in his attempt to recapture the world's motor-boat speed record for Britain you command my admiration.

This, however, is only one of a series of such actions on your part. Didn't you make some of Sir Alan Cobham's flights across the world possible? I remember that he told me so. But you were too modest to acknowledge the part you played.

JOHN BULL.

Lord DEWAR,
East Grinstead, Sussex

MY LORD,—Buy a joke-book, or hire a music-hall comedian to work up some new gags for you before you next make a public appearance.

Otherwise your deservedly high reputation for cracking good jokes will vanish.

"Why is it that no man is a hero to his own mother-in-law?" "Did the inventor of bagpipes get the idea from stepping on a cat or when strangling a dog?" These are two of your latest. They aren't good enough.

You must really do better than this. I am shocked.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. LUDFORD C. DOCKER,
President, Warwickshire Cricket Club

DEAR MR. DOCKER,—Speaking at your club's annual meeting, you pointed out how sick we have grown of ca'-canny cricket.

Billiard-table wickets and batsmen who think only of averages are ruining the game.

Cannot you ginger up the cobwebby mandarins of the M.C.C. to do something decisive, and to bring back a little sportsmanship into the game?

If they do not act, we shall stay away from county matches. Then all the clubs will soon go broke.

JOHN BULL.



H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE,
Buckingham Palace, London, S.W.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—Although your naval career has terminated for reasons of health, I am delighted that you are to continue in another branch of the public service, the Foreign Office.

Congratulations on joining our real ruling class, the despots of Whitehall, who have abundantly proved that their pen, at any rate, is mightier than anybody's sword.

It would be a difficult task to shake them out of their self-complacent belief that they are the immovable arbiters of our lives, liberties and destinies, but try your hardest and I'll give you all the help I can.

You will at least succeed in imparting to their dry routine that human touch for which you and your brothers are famous throughout the world.

By the way, is all this the prelude to your appointment to a Dominion Governorship?

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER,
President, Board of Trade

MY DEAR SIR,—I hear that you are considering whether you can set some of your staff to work in the basement of the Board of Trade.

I trust this communication will reach you in time to prevent such a thing. London is dark and dank enough for its clerical workers without sending them into cellars.

You can economise by partitioning some of the vast drawing-room offices on your second floor.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

DR. MAXWELL GARNETT: "The League of Nations has thrice recently prevented bloodshed."

Three good reasons for the League of Nations receiving thrice the support from all nations that it gets.

SIR HUGO HIRST: "Every shareholder is a potential customer. A sound reason for encouraging the small shareholder."

MR. F. G. KELLAWAY: "It is a good thing for a country, when its own capital resources are limited, to have foreign capital at its disposal. Then why build tariff walls to keep it out?"

MR. RICHARD SUDELL: "A good garden enables hundreds of thousands of men to rear families. Then why aren't there sufficient gardens available?"

Speaking CAN-DIDLY and in Double Dutch

THOUGH I'm a little pilgrim,
From the Zuyder Zee,
My mission is to make this land
As dear as dear can be.

For me and some companions
After years of quiet toil
Have snaffed all your petrol pumps,
And bottled up your oil.

If you want to know why you'll pay more
For every little thing,
The answer's in the bank-book
Of Sir Henri Deterding.

That's me. And my partner here in
our great ventriloquial turn is little
Tommy Can. What's that you say,
Tommy?

"I may be a can, but I'm not such a
can as them guys what buys your petrol.
Ha, ha!"

That's not the way to speak about
the audience, Tommy.

"I'm not speaking about the audience
when I say that, am I?"

Yes you are, Tommy. Everybody is
my audience. They all pay for petrol,
even when they don't use it. And in
any case, it's not polite to call them
"cans."

"Well, if they ain't cans like me,
they're pie-cans, else they wouldn't pay

you that extra twopence-farthing you're
charging, would they, Mr. Deterding?"
Don't be foolish, Tommy, they've got
to pay me.



"Got to pay you?
Whyee, Mr. Deterding?"

Well, you see,
it's this way. As
I told the Govern-
ment—

"What's the
Government, Mr.
Deterding?"

Oh, a number of
gentlemen that
don't matter very
much. Well, as I
told the Govern-
ment the other
day, people have
got to pay the
extra because of
the Gulf of Mexico,
which is the

"centre of gravity" of the world's
petroleum trade.

"What does gravity mean, Mr. Deterding?"

Sometimes one thing, Tommy, and
sometimes another. It can mean some-
thing that isn't a screaming farce, but
that isn't what it means here.

"So it is a screaming farce, Mr.
Deterding? Oh, ha, ha, ha! I like
screaming farces."

I didn't say that, though of course
the twopence farthing business has its
amusing side for us oil magnates.

"You are a one, Mr. Deterding, ain't
you?"

Well, as I told the Government, "the
prices ruling in the Gulf of Mexico re-
present the basis of world-values for
petroleum products."

"What does that mean, Mr. Deterding?"

It means an extra twopence farthing
a gallon on petrol for my pocket.

"Oo, ha, ha, ha, that is a joke! That's
nothing to do with gravity, has it, Mr.
Deterding?"

My object I declare
Through smoke clouds and hot air
Is simply to rake
In the profits at stake
On petrol everywhere.

It may make the motorists sore
And 'bus rides cost you more;
But there's a "ring" through your
nose
And what I says goes,
So just swallow the dose as before.

The BLACKEST BLOT on FOOTBALL

by A. G. GARDINER

WITH Easter week the Soccer season approaches its climax. The grand finale of Wembley is in sight, the doom that awaits the laggards of the League becomes tolerably clear, and it is possible to take stock of the results of the season.

The outstanding feature, of course, is the astonishing vitality of the game. Never have there been such "gates"—never such widespread enthusiasm.

My mind goes back to the beginning of the professional era, to the time when the Blackburn Olympic and the Blackburn Rovers lighted the torch in the North, only to see it snatched from their grasp by Preston North End.

Ah, that North End team of the 'eighties, which Sudell, the greatest team-builder of all time, organised! Drummond, Gordon, Dewhurst, Jimmy Ross, Nick Ross, Trainer, and the rest!

Group of giants

I have never seen the like since, and I doubt whether the like will ever be seen again, for, apart from Sudell's genius, the conditions that made that grouping of giants into a single organisation will never return again.

It went through the football world of the time like a knife through a skin of butter.

It established professional football as the most thrilling popular spectacle in the land, and it remains that today.

It is no longer a spectacle confined to the North and the Midlands. It has spread through the country from John o' Groat's to Land's End, and in its progress it has become the vastest business concern in the whole realm of sport.

As a game there is nothing comparable with it.

It gives more wholesome pleasure to a greater number of people than any other recreation that has ever been invented and, in spite of its critics, it gives it with the minimum of the gambling appeal.

But as a business system it is far from being above criticism. It is unjust to the team, it is unjust to the players, and it is inimical to the whole spirit of sport.

Priggish hostility

The fatal blot on the organisation of professional football is the transfer system.

I have no sympathy with the priggish hostility cultivated in some quarters towards professionalism in football.

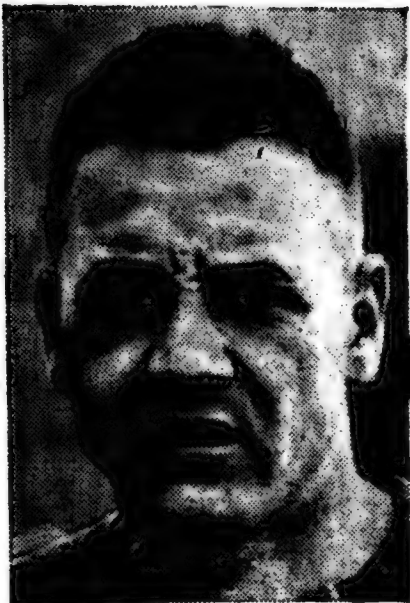
I see no more dishonour in men playing football for money than in men preaching for money, or acting on the stage for money or writing articles for money.

If a man does a thing superlatively well, and in doing it gives pleasure or benefit to others, I see no reason why his art should not earn him his keep. Nor do I object to the principle of transfer.

Other things being equal, I prefer the team that plays local talent. I like Kent and Yorkshire in cricket, because they play men of their own upbringing.

I should like to think that Plymouth Argyle only played Plymouth men, and Leicester only played Leicester men, and so on.

But the thing won't work, and a transfer system of some sort is unavoidable.



Three famous footballers whose transfer fees all run into many thousands.

A. James is smiling, R. Weaver kicking and D. N. B. Jack just crossing his legs

But the existing system is an, unqualified evil. It rules out all local character in a team and makes it entirely cosmopolitan.

In cricket transfer is recognised, but it is qualified by a period of residence which puts some check upon its employment.

In football there is no qualification either of time, place, race or anything else.

Chelsea might put eleven negroes in the field and Aston Villa might oppose them with eleven Chinamen without any breach of any regulation.

What is more, the elevens could be swapped and the next Saturday the negroes could appear in Villa jerseys and the Chinamen in Chelsea jerseys without any objection from anybody.

Lock, stock and barrel

Leaving aside the question of race, transfers as bluntly commercial as this frequently take place.

There is nothing to prevent a whole team being bought up, lock, stock and barrel, and playing for one club one week and for another in the same competition in the next week.

Indeed, Preston North End recently put up its whole team for auction almost like a bundle of merchandise.

No one pretends that this is good for the sport or for the men or for the clubs.

Everyone deplores it and realises that the system has got out of hand, and has reduced the game to the most barefaced commercialism.

But it is much easier to see that the system is wrong than it is to see how it is to be put right.

Recently it has been proposed that, since the First, Second or Third Divisions are composed of English and Welsh teams, English or Welsh nationality (by birth) should be an essential qualification of a player in those teams.

This obviously does not touch the root of the problem.

If the system is bad for the spirit of the game, it is still worse for the interests of the players. It reduces them to the most humiliating servitude. They are bought and sold over the counter like a roll of linoleum.

Their transfer is an operation in which, for all practical purposes, they have no say, and in the profits of which they have little or no share.

It is true, of course, that they have the technical right to refuse to be transferred to a given club, but if they do so they would find themselves at the end of the season on the compulsory transfer list, the directors having no use for them.

Club "perks"

Enormous transfer fees are paid (under the rose) for players—sometimes as much as £10,000. It is said that Preston North End required £10,000 to transfer James, its brilliant inside forward. It is certain that one offer of £8,750 for him did not bring about the transfer.

A DARK BETS MYSTERY The Control Board's Overdraft

THIS august and mysterious body was established some time ago by Parliament, and equipped with wide statutory powers.

Yet, so far, little can be discovered concerning its activities. Of course, the Board has taken offices for itself, furnished them, installed a staff, which receives regular salaries. But all this establishment is financed on an overdraft—an overdraft for which you are paying with public funds.

The members of the Board, so we are told, are deliberating concerning what type of totalisator shall be used on racecourses under their auspices. They have continued their secret

discussions on this subject quite long enough. It is high time that they made up their minds on the matter, or else confessed that they cannot do so, and left the job to someone else.

In fact, the whole public, and those interested in racing, either professionally or as a hobby, deserve to be taken into the Board's confidence.

Let us know why no financial arrangements for this body's upkeep have been made by the Treasury; why its members do not get on with the business they were appointed to perform, and why their proceedings must be wrapped in so complete and dark a secrecy?

These great fees are the perquisite of the club. The player has the most trivial share in them. When a player is transferred he may receive as an act of grace, but not as a right, a sum of money known as his "estimated accrued share of benefit."

This estimated accrued benefit works

out at £130 a year, and after five years' exemplary continuous service may reach a maximum of £550. This is the only financial share which the player has in his own transfer.

Beyond this his payment is £5 a week, rising by £1 per week per annum to a maximum of £8. There are bonuses for winning or drawing, which with luck may bring the maximum income of a professional footballer up to £10 a week.

This is well while it lasts, but a footballer's playing life is short and his risks great, and in view of the enormous transfer-fees and of the fact that it is the player who draws the crowd and fills the coffers, it is clear that his share in the profits is too meagre.

Some authorities declare that the game could not afford better terms to the players, and it is admitted that football finance is a very incalculable affair.

For example, a well-known London club pays about £14,000 a year in wages and an equal amount in taxes and entertainment duty.

Dividing the spoil

But there are not wanting evidences that others than players do make handsome profits out of the game. And, in any case, the whole transfer system leaves the players with a very palpable grievance, in regard both to the distribution of the loot and the servile conditions of transfer.

It is high time that the system was overhauled and that the player had something more approaching a square deal in the business which ultimately rests on his talents.

Searchlight on a DETECTIVE CROOK

Scotland
Yard's
Only
Rival!



Chief Constable Wensley under Scotland Yard's Gates.



The Hon. Trevor Biggam, recently appointed Chief of the C.I.D.

to all fees paid for any local "cases" they may tackle on their own account but, in addition, the National Detective Service will entrust enquiries to their care and pay them an "agreed rate."

The "Service" also talks of recruiting a permanent staff from these local representatives at a commencing salary of £3 a week and expenses. Men without any previous experience need not despair, for the National Detective Service is obligingly arranging to put such amateurs through an intensive training course, covering every branch of the work, in return for the modest fee of £5.

Very intensive indeed

When we reveal that the said course is only to occupy a week, readers will understand how very "intensive" it must be!

The National Detective Service itself declares that this "is not an ordinary 'training school' offer," and we are disposed to agree.

Feeling rather intrigued by the whole affair, we despatched a representative to the organisation's headquarters, which he found to be hardly in keeping with a "National" undertaking with world-wide ramifications.

He was assured, however, that more commodious premises were shortly to be taken in Shaftesbury Avenue, while branches are to be established in Manchester and Liverpool.

He was invited to pay down £5 for a week's training, being urged to decide quickly, as "to-morrow might be too late."

Deposits from dupes

Before our representative left he was told that a barrister was being retained for legal cases, and that ex-police officers were also to be engaged for special work.

This is all very impressive, but the public will be a little saddened to learn that this "National" undertaking is at present sharing its office with a herbal products company!

The truth is that both the National Detective Service and the herbal products concern are controlled by one man—and that man is none other than Donald T. Heaysman, a persistent rogue who has kept the authentic detective force of this country busy for years past.

He has specialised in swindle since swindle, ranging from bogus concert parties, through which he obtained deposits from dupes, to bogus brokerages in the City.

At one time he set up a film company and extracted fees from countless film-struck girls, who got nothing in return for their money.

In another venture he obtained a job in his London office that was supposed to carry a salary of £1 a week.

Addressing envelopes

Actually the captain was set to addressing envelopes, and finally discovered that, during the three weeks that his job lasted, Donald had induced twenty other men to part with all on the same pretext!

Heaysman has been to jail on at least two occasions, and was characterised by one judge as "plausible and utterly unscrupulous rogue."

His present impudent venture should be smashed at once.

SCOTLAND YARD must prepare itself for a shock. An ambitious movement is afoot to launch a rival organisation in the very heart of London.

It is to be known as the National Detective Service, and, according to circulars now being sent out to prospective members, it is to be "the largest organisation of its kind in the country."

Not only will it cover the whole of the United Kingdom, but, by arrangement with foreign agencies, detective work will be undertaken in any part of the world.

The head office of this enterprising movement is given as 15, Strand, London, W.C., and already preliminary arrangements are proceeding apace.

Quite recently a small announcement appeared in a great London paper calling for "Smart, tactful men, for private enquiry and detective work," application to be made to "National," 15, Strand.

We are in a position to state that all those who have responded have had a singular proposition put to them.

Divorce and blackmail

Though the replies they have received have been of a confiding nature, it is interesting to note that they are printed—a fact which suggests that the National Detective Service is ready to take an unlimited number of people into its confidence.

The neatly-printed letter heading

imparts the information that it will handle such delicate matters as "divorce, blackmail, watching, missing relatives, etc."

The National Detective Service is anxious, it seems, to appoint a number of "outside representatives," each of whom will be allotted a district with a ten-mile radius, in which to establish himself as a detective.

Such representatives will be entitled

EDUCATION by DEGREES

MANY parents do not send their children to the larger educational institutions because they believe that more individual guidance can be obtained at small and "select" establishments.

This class of parent seems to have been specially catered for by the principals of St. Neots College, in Huntingdonshire, the prospectus of which lies before us at the moment.

The aim of this college is to "afford a sound and liberal education on approved modern lines," and parents are assured that no efforts are spared to secure the formation of a truthful and unselfish character.

A wide range of subjects is embraced in the college curriculum, as seems only fitting when a printed testimonial assures us that Dr. Lewis, M.A., the Principal, "is the proud possessor of diplomas of Education, Music and Art of the highest order, being (1) examiner in connection with the Victoria College of Music, Art and Education."

Another name, that of the Very Rev. Churchill Sibley, D.D., D.Litt., Mus.D., appears in the prospectus as "Visitor," and even the secretary, Mr. J. Davies, writes letters after his name.

What is the truth? We have no hesitation in describing this prospectus as a flagrant piece of spoof.

Let us state emphatically that we are not concerned with the past record of the establishment. We are interested solely in its present activities since Dr. Lewis, M.A., and Mr. Davies acquired control in 1925.



Sir Aubrey Symonds, Permanent Secretary, Board of Education, should look into St. Neots College through his monocle.

On making their debut in that year these two advertised in great style. Lewis was described as Professor Lewis, M.A., F.E.S., F.G.C.M., A.V.C.M. John Davies was dignified as P.R.E.S. and L.V.C.M.

This sounds highly impressive. But what does it mean?

Since that first burst of glory, both Lewis and Davies have dropped the use of those strings of letters, and doubtless they have been prudent in so doing.

The testimonial that Dr. Lewis

had been an examiner with the Victoria College of Music, Art and Education, well though it sounds, will not bear investigation.

For the Victoria College is an institution which has issued 80,000 degrees of no great value to their recipients, though one leading light gathered a fortune of £38,000 by the sale of such doubtful "honours."

Lewis also claims to have studied with the Incorporated Guild of Church Musicians. This again is nothing to boast about, as the guild in question has been the subject of stringent criticism in the Press. It is more remarkable for the brilliance of its gowns than for the value of the degrees it has so lavishly bestowed.

And what of the Very Rev. Churchill Sibley, D.D., D.Litt., Mus.D., etc.?

He, too, was once an examiner for the Victoria College of Music, Art and Education, and at one time conducted a College of Church Musicians, Inter-collegiate University, U.S.A., an institution which, to put it mildly, was none too exacting in its demands before granting its degrees.

In these circumstances it is not surprising to find that the St. Neots College is not recognised by the Board of Education.

Parents who are induced to pay heavy fees in the belief that they are securing highly qualified services have a genuine grievance here; and the value to children of a schooling at the hands of such ambiguous individuals is doubtful.

GREAT CITY ROTTEN WITH CORRUPTION

BELFAST, the great capital of Northern Ireland, could once claim to be one of the finest model cities in Europe. Today her civic reputation is fast fading.

Her affairs are being controlled with less business acumen than can be found in many a sleepy English village.

Scandal after scandal regarding municipal maladministration has arisen during the past few years; and her harassed citizens, hardly knowing what fresh cloud may next envelop them.

Their apprehension will be understood when we say that since 1926 two scathing reports have been issued by different committees of enquiry that have been set up to investigate the series of grave irregularities in the city's municipal life.

Finally, as a last drastic measure, Mr. Arthur Collins, formerly City Treasurer for Birmingham, and a recognised authority on municipal administration, was invited to investigate the whole of the affairs of Belfast's City Corporation.

Bungling it

His recently issued report is a damning indictment.

There are highly paid officials who are absolutely unfitted for the grave responsibilities entrusted to them; thousands of pounds of taxpayers' money is being flung away without rhyme or reason; inefficient seniors are drawing handsome salaries for bungling jobs that juniors could do satisfactorily for half the money, and so on.

In twelve departments, for example, there are forty highly paid officials between the ages of sixty-five and eighty-one.

There are unqualified lady typists drawing salaries equal to those commanded by a qualified lady solicitor in the council's employ.

On the other hand, there are struggling employees who are afraid of losing their jobs, and who are forced to do things of which they do not approve owing to the tyranny of higher officials.

Waterlogged

Mr. Collins recommended that Belfast's tangled affairs should be taken out of the hands of the various waterlogged committees and run by commissioners specially appointed by the Government.

Although his recommendations have been supported by most of the citizens, who consider that thousands of pounds would speedily be saved under the proposed scheme, nothing has been done.

Six months have now drifted past, and things are proceeding from bad to worse. How much longer can the people of Belfast be expected to tolerate such apathy?

Only a year before Mr. Collins made his recommendations they were startled by the McGuire Report, which was the outcome of another enquiry into municipal ineptitude.

This report gave alarming instances of overstaffing and inefficiency, and exposed shameful extravagance and waste in the Belfast Gas and Electricity Department due to the Corporation's clerical system.

It showed that the Tramways Department was run by incompetent officials; that the City Surveyor's Department was a "striking example of waste and inefficiency," and needed complete reorganisation; that the Public Health Committee was little better and employed highly-paid officials who had little to do, and that the controller of this department was a man who had never been fitted for the job.

The City Chamberlain's office was also held to be overstaffed and overpaid, while a number of other officials were clearly in their jobs, not for the benefit of the Corporation, but to advance their own interests by improper means.

A bad case of extravagance is instanced where twenty-two male clerks, whose income amounted to £8,600 a year, were engaged month by month in rendering 64,000 gas accounts.

Yet one young girl, working single-handed, under a special test at £2 a

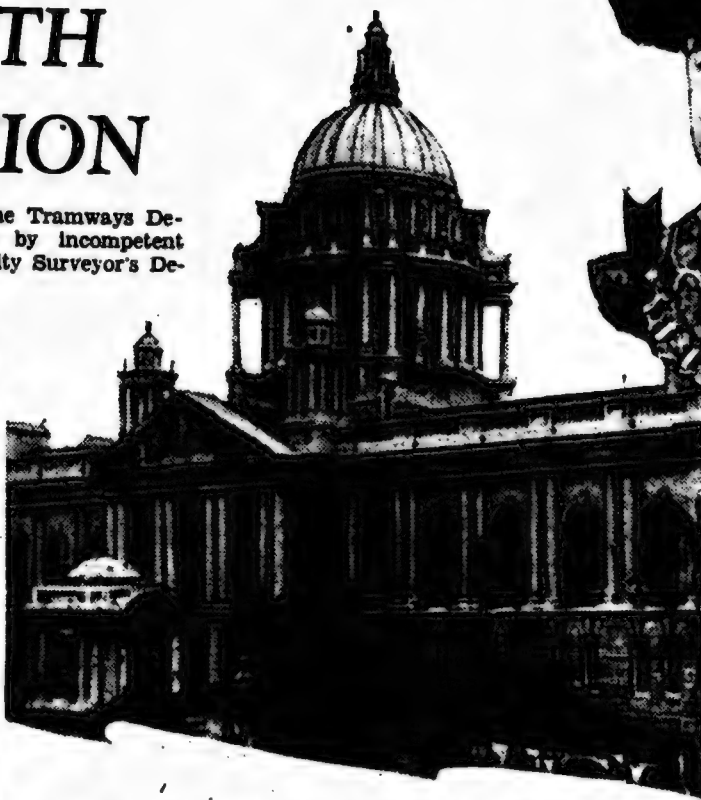
week, accomplished this work satisfactorily in a fortnight.

Yet another enquiry showed that owing to lack of supervision many higher officials are able to play ducks and drakes with the finances, to give contracts to privileged parties and to share in the spoils yielded by overpaid accounts.

Case after case has arisen where contractors have altered the value and



Under that wonderful hat is Sir William Coates, Belfast's Lord Mayor, who works overtime "cleaning up" the administration at the City Hall—here it is.



description of goods supplied and obtained inflated prices.

There has been wholesale bribery of officials, and land owned by friends of officials has been sold to the profit of both.

In one case alone, after deficiencies had been discovered, a contractor repaid something like £20,000 and agreed to forgo a matter of £13,000.

Yet, while scandal has thus been heaped on scandal, year after year, nothing has been done to alter the administration, and recommendations have been wasted.

We appeal to the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, the Rt. Hon. Viscount Craigavon, D.L., M.P., to take this problem in hand.

Sansum WON'T Stop Swindling So we expose his latest roguery



Dr. L. O. Fuller is Medical Superintendent at Arlesley

SOME people are slow to learn their lesson.

Mr. William Sansum, secretary of the National Vigilance Society, of 11, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C., is one of them.

It is only a few weeks since we invited him to explain his action in extracting fees from a man who had misguidedly applied to Sansum's so-called "Legal Aid Department."

After being cross-examined by Sir Wyndham Childs, chief of the JOHN BULL Investigation Department, Sansum went away sorrowful, having given an undertaking to refund the money to the man he had defrauded.

That his repentance has been short-lived is shown by the fact that he is still endeavouring to extract fees from the gullible by offering assistance that is absolutely valueless.

We have before us the case of a lady who is very perturbed about her brother—an inmate of the Three Counties Asylum, Arlesley, Bedfordshire—and who was consequently impressed by a pamphlet offering assistance in instances of abuse of the Lunacy Acts or wrongful detention in asylums.

This pamphlet was one of Sansum's bright efforts; and when the lady wrote to him explaining her position he reassured her that she had taken the right step in consulting him.

Sansum got in touch with the asylum authorities. He was emphatically told that the patient in question was not fit to be discharged. Yet he still played upon the lady's feelings in an effort to obtain money from her.

"If you wish to have your brother discharged," he wrote, "it will be necessary for my doctors to examine him on two separate occasions."

A wicked 'guarantee'

"Their expenses," he added, "will be £4 each journey—£8 in all—their train fare and also mine will be £3 for the two journeys. The job will be completed for £12, and if you can find this money this will guarantee your brother's release."

Sansum is, of course, fully aware of the provisions of the Lunacy Act of 1890, which lays down that the Commissioners in Lunacy at their discretion may grant an order for the examination by two medical practi-

tioners authorised by the Commissioners of any person detained as a lunatic.

And also that if the two medical officers are of opinion that the patient may be discharged without risk or injury to himself or the public, the Commissioners may, if they think fit, order the patient's discharge.

In other words, the matter is entirely one for the discretion of the Commissioners, and no person can guarantee what their decision may be.

Coldly callous

Could anything be more despicable, more coldly callous, than this deliberate attempt to play upon a harassed woman's credulity?

If this represented Sansum's sole lapse in his career that in itself would be sufficient to brand him as an unscrupulous blackguard.

There is not the slightest doubt that this woman would have parted with the £12 demanded had she not been warned in time by our last exposure of Sansum.

Less fortunate is a London taxi-driver, who, unable to get his licence renewed, applied to Sansum's precious "Legal Aid Department."

Sansum fleeced him of £7 5s., and this unfortunate client is no nearer securing his licence than he was before he heard of the National Vigilance Society, with its vaunted objects of "Liberty and Justice."

Sansum is a rogue who has enjoyed too much liberty. Justice will not be served until he has been smartly punished for his shameful practice of preying upon people in their misfortune.

DANGER lurks in the "AGONY" COLUMN

A PROFITABLE profession is growing up amongst rogues who live solely by exploiting the "Personal" advertisement columns of national newspapers like the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*.

Our dossiers bear testimony to the fact that countless poor people have been fleeced of their life savings by a small advertisement, and so closely have we followed this scandal that a cursory glance through advertising columns is usually sufficient to enable us to place our finger upon those announcements that are conceived in fraud.

Sometimes, it is true, the hooks are cautiously baited, but the alarming frequency with which hardened criminals evade the vigilance of advertising managers suggests that something is seriously wrong somewhere.

A poor widow living in South London recently answered the following advertisement which appeared in the *Times*:

"Wanted.—A lady housekeeper to one gentleman; country, near London; salary £60; maid kept.—Write Box H. 564, The *Times*, E.C.4."

Benevolence personified

In due course this lady was favoured with a visit from an elderly gentleman, who introduced himself as Mr. William Warner.

In a most benevolent manner Mr. Warner proceeded to talk about his large modern house at Crawley, which, he said, was fitted with all labour-saving devices.

He also added that there had been a slight error in his advertisement, as the salary he intended to pay was £65.

On learning that the applicant was a widow with a little girl of seven, Mr. Warner's benevolence increased.

He said, laughingly, that he had



Reading advertisement's appearing in the "Times"

recently attended a sale, and, amongst other things, had bought a rocking-horse that would just do for her daughter.

"She'll be quite happy," he declared; "there's plenty of room for her to run about." He also mentioned that his household consisted of a cook, a maid, a charwoman and an odd-man.

Naturally the lady felt that Mr. Warner would be an ideal employer, and readily accepted the post.

Before he left, however, the kindly old gentleman explained that he was in rather a quandary, as he had foolishly come out without his wallet, and as he was now anxious to proceed to Bromley to visit some friends, he would have to try and raise some money somewhere.

Innocently the lady handed over all the cash she could spare upon Mr. Warner's promise to telegraph it back to her on the following day, with instructions for taking up her new duties in his household.

As she heard nothing more, the

victim wrote to the advertising manager of the *Times*, asking for Mr. Warner's address.

A reply from the newspaper gave it not as Crawley, but as at Cheshunt, Herts. A letter penned to Mr. Warner there was promptly returned by the postal authorities marked "Not known."

In these circumstances, it is difficult to know how Warner, who has been the subject of many complaints to the police, ever succeeded in getting his lying advertisement into the columns of such a reputable paper as the *Times*.

Papers duped

The slightest enquiry would have shown his address to be false.

Yet he has succeeded in this fashion time after time, and papers like the *Sunday Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* have been similarly misused.

His announcements vary, and on occasion he obtained money from

dupes by pretending that he could secure posts for them as companions to wealthy people travelling to the Riviera.

An astonishing thing about the whole business is that, in the alias of Frank Webb, Francis Trevelyan Bath, Frank Simms and George Edwards, he has been nine times convicted for similar frauds!

This is a typical example of how advertising privileges may be abused by rogues who offer tempting posts to ensnare applicants.

Bogus everything

There are also the employment-with-investment swindlers; bogus bookmakers who offer lucrative "partnerships"; bogus traders who ask for cash in advance for some much-vaunted postal "bargain"—a host of other dubious advertisers too numerous to mention.

Some steer clear of London papers and work in the provincial fields.

A case in point is that of Lillie Woolley, who lately carried on business as a produce dealer at 60, Abbey Street, Accrington.

Mrs. Woolley has just gone bankrupt with liabilities of £1,500, which represents the total value of numerous consignments of produce obtained through advertisements offering attractive prices to smallholders.

She was not the brains of the business, but merely a nominee for her husband, who has long specialised in this class of rump.

He himself went bankrupt not long ago for £3,854, and he has been in jail on several occasions for obtaining goods by false pretences.

Mrs. Woolley has also been in jail, and it is scandalous to think that such a couple should find advertisements columns still open to them.

While the majority of small advertisements may be perfectly innocent, newspapers should demand adequate references before accepting announcements that offer the least ground for suspicion.

Stamp on it!

JOHN BULL knows that a resourceful rogue may slip past sometimes, and consequently guarantees readers its advertisements by assuming responsibility for any loss they may incur in this respect.

Other papers might do worse than offer their readers similar protection. Meanwhile, the National Vigilance Committee of the Advertising Association is tackling the problem, and has already compiled a black-list of nearly 300 dubious advertisers!

This is a step in the right direction, but the co-operation of every advertising manager throughout the country will be necessary if the evil is to be effectively stamped out.

TOO-SMART GOWNS

Predominance Lags Behind

NUMEROUS traders in London, Manchester and Nottingham are more than a little perturbed by the sudden collapse of a firm specialising in ladies' and children's wear, known as Smart Gowns, Ltd., of Waterloo Road, Hightown, Manchester.

The leading light of Smart Gowns, Ltd., is a Mr. John Sidney Morrison. John Morrison was formerly director of another company which bore the ambitious title of the Predominant Gown House, Ltd.

As it went into liquidation seven months after its inception its predominance was never noticeable!

Who, then, is Mr. John Morrison, and by what right can he claim responsible directorships in companies of this class?

Quite recently Morrison figured in a case before Mr. Justice Humphreys, in which a lady alleged that he had persuaded her to give him the deeds of her house and had used them to obtain a loan of £150.

Although Morrison denied this and contended that the money in dispute had been lent to Smart Gowns, Ltd., on the security of debentures, Mr. Justice Humphreys gave judgment for the lady, with costs.

Only two years ago he figured in the Bankruptcy Court with liabilities

amounting to £789 and absolutely nothing in the way of assets!

Morrison once served a sentence of six months in jail for obtaining money with intent to defraud.

Yet this disastrous record has not debarred him from officiating as receiver for the debenture holders in both Predominant Gowns, Ltd., and Smart Gowns, Ltd. In the former, indeed, he was even the voluntary liquidator.

What a genius to control the destinies of limited liability companies! No wonder Smart Gowns, Ltd., has come to disaster.

Will it surprise our readers after the foregoing revelations to learn that no trading accounts or balance-sheets have ever been prepared, and that the present position of the company is one of chaos?

Although Morrison, operating through Smart Gowns, Ltd., was so ready to run up credit and secure goods all over the place, he didn't pay much consideration to creditors when disposing of their wares.

As a matter of fact, he obtained garments to the value of £780 and sold them for £424!

Surely this is a subject for strict official enquiry as well as a crushing condemnation of our lax company laws?



He's a landscape painter

from the letter of thanks for a "Bullets" cheque for Three Hundred Pounds sent to Mr. Robert Lee, 2, Main Street, Portrush, a landscape painter and photographic artist.

Mr. Lee had already won several smaller prizes, but naturally he was "delighted" when informed that he was the first prize winner in "Bullets" No. 707.

He pays a tribute to his wife, admitting that "she has been a great help to me in evolving 'Bullets.'" As there is a family of five, all at school, the gift of the cheque to his wife for a birthday present is a very happy thought.

And now for this week's "Bullets" £300 First Prize and tickets for the Cup Final.

In the best seats for the great game at Wembley on Saturday, April 27, you will find the winners of the 100 £3 3s. Cup Final Prizes offered on page 35.

Make Wembley, 1929, your goal, and shoot before it's too late!

Come to
"THE
CUP"!

A NOTHER instance of dogged persistence that wins in the end. This is a sentence

Truants from a GILDED CAGE

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON



The Lord Chancellor walks in a little procession of old-world pomp. Before him goes the Great Seal. Behind him walks a train-bearer. All these are shown against the royal thrones which dominate the House of Lords

I PICKED up the other day the official report of the day's proceedings in the House of Lords. It began with the remark that "The House met at four o'clock." Two or three noble lords having said nothing in particular, and said it very well, the report ended with the announcement that "The House adjourned at twenty minutes past four o'clock."

I was irresistibly reminded of the story of the peer who dreamed that he was addressing the House of Lords—and woke up to find that it was true! It seemed an entirely adequate comment on a very inadequate situation.

Mediaeval hulk

I have never quite been able to understand the House of Lords. That a democracy should continue to tolerate the vicious principle of hereditary legislators seems to me an extraordinary paradox.

That it should never concern itself with the fact that the House of Lords is a mediaeval hulk blocking the stream of modern progress seems to me a terrific indictment of its apathy.

What useful purpose does the House of Lords serve beyond providing a Gilded Cage for the political nuisance and the incompetent whose Party dare not again offer him for re-election?

It has been a bone of contention ever since Cromwell's Long Parliament brusquely decided that "A House of Peers in Parliament is useless and dangerous and ought to be abolished."

I have tried hard to discover some record of the peers' attendances at the House of Lords—but I can't. There doesn't seem to be one. Nobody seems to care whether they attend or not. Since three form a quorum, perhaps it doesn't matter very much.

To-day the claws of the peers have been clipped. They can't do much mischief, and in view of their past record it is just as well.

Tooth and nail

They opposed the enfranchisement of the people tooth and nail, and when that was eventually forced on them there had to be a second battle to ensure that the ballot should be secret.

They rejected again and again all demands to abolish electoral corruption, while for years the mere mention of popular education sent them into a frenzy. When Mr. Gladstone took the taxes off paper, thus laying the foundation of a cheap Press, the Lords threw out the Bill.

They put off the abolition of Church rates for eleven years, and for twelve years they refused education to miners' children.

So I could go on if it were any use. There is hardly a good cause that has not suffered injury and scorch at the hands of the House of Lords.

No wonder Lord Rosebery once bit-

terly remarked:

"The peers have friends," while earlier Sidney Smith had said:

"It is a melancholy thing to see men clothed in soft raiment, lodged in a public palace, endowed with a

rich portion of other men's industry, using their influence to deepen the ignorance and inflame the fury of their fellow-citizens."

And it has always struck me forcibly that of these "men clothed in soft raiment" twenty-six are Archbishops and Bishops, who have always been well to the front when reaction was called for.

Why they should by right sit in the Gilded Chamber at all is a mystery, but that they should when there lend their authority to oppression is a direct negation of the Christianity they are supposed to preach and exemplify.

I accuse the Church

Who but the Church in the House of Lords has held up again and again the reform of the divorce laws for which the whole country waits, and which common justice and common humanity demand?

It is time the House of Lords was not merely "reformed," but abolished. It can no longer interfere with the Budget nor with any of the Bills

that deal with the disposal of public money.

It can no longer throw out a Bill merely because its clauses are a little too democratic for its liking; but it can and does make a nuisance of itself in other ways.

It can tinker and alter and delay. And it stands as an anachronism that the modern world has long since passed by.

Even its own members are deserting it. More and more blue blood is going into business and working for its living. It has neither the time nor the inclination nor the means to play at politics.

But while the House of Lords stands it perpetuates the principle of hereditary legislators, and it is that that should be swept away.

"There is more in names than most men dream of:

And a lie may keep its throne a whole day longer

If it skulk behind the shield of some fair-seeming name."

And the House of Lords is a lie, despite its fair-seeming name. It is

The Human Machine

Life's Big Drums

NONE of us needs telling that life is a problem. What we are apt to forget is that if life is a problem to us, we are just as much a problem to life.

For "life" really means daily association with others, contact with all sorts and conditions of men and women, a constant shifting and readjustment of views and ideas.

And just as we adopt certain attitudes towards these people and pass certain judgments on them, so they must pass judgment on us.

If we find people have deceived us in our estimation of their worth and their character it is most likely that we first deceived ourselves. We may have judged them as we judge ourselves: we may have judged ourselves as we judge them: and we may have been wrong either way.

There is only one sure way—to take people for what they are and to expect to be taken for what we are.

Pretence, whether it takes the form of snobbery, or boastfulness, or empty noise, usually gets found out in the end.

It is astonishing to see how noise can be used to cover up inability, and mere din be assumed to indicate efficiency!

Pretence is the big drum of life: it makes a lovely noise—but there's nothing in it!

People are silly who pay too much attention to life's big drums, for the only quality that counts in the long run is character.

So don't be a big drum. Be yourself, and always be true to yourself. If you never deceive yourself there will be no fear of your deceiving others.

a lie because it asserts arrogantly that the mere accident of birth confers in some mysterious manner the intelligence, the knowledge and the wisdom for which the business of Government calls.

The House of Commons may possibly possess no more of these qualities than the House of Lords, but if it doesn't that is nobody's fault but our own. We elected it, whereas the House of Lords has thrust itself on us.

If we must have a Second Chamber—the necessity for which I personally doubt—there is no reason why it should not be elected by popular franchise. But why, if peers wish to rule over us, should they not do so in the House of Commons itself?

Must they remain?

I can conceive of much worse things than being represented in Parliament by men of the calibre of Lord Buckmaster and Viscount Cecil. And I would far sooner see a man like the Duke of Marlborough Prime Minister than Mr. Saklatvala!

If I had my way, I would have no "Lord of Parliament." I would confer it on those whose ability and whose ability alone entitled them to it.

I would put in place of the House of Lords a small body elected by the House of Commons which would be non-Party and non-partisan, consisting for the most part of men of practical experience rather than political theorists.

I would pay them, and pay them well, for their services, which would consist in taking political theories and showing politicians how they could or could not be translated into fact rapidly and effectively.

Far too busy

And they would be chosen because they were the men for the job—and for no other reason.

That is the only sort of "Second Chamber" which seems to me of any practical value.

The trouble is that any real business man who was approached would probably reply that he was far too busy getting on with the job anyway to care twopence what any politician thought.

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In the Spring a YOUNG Without Fear or Favour by the Editor MAN'S FANCY—

THE advent of Easter is a definite sign that Spring has arrived. There is, with the coming of the welcome few days' holiday, a "sort of feeling in the air."

Whatever the Gloomy Ones may say, no matter what the Lugubrious Ones may prophesy, we simply can't feel that things are nearly so bad after all.

The Open Road calls, the sight of the fresh green grass stirs the blood, and there is a peculiar thrill in swelling buds and bursting hedgerows that makes even the thought of a "Final Notice" seem a matter of scorn and contempt!

It is this immediate response to the subtle call of the sun and the fresh air and the playing-fields that distinguishes the Englishman from all other nations.

We have a peculiar faculty for realising that there is another side to life besides its problems.

Drake, who insisted on finishing his game of bowls before he would attend to the little matter of the Spanish Armada, was no different from the average modern workman who will motor and play cricket and go to the "dogs," the dirt-track or the racecourse, no matter how many Governments come and go.

WE may, as other nations are fond of alleging, take our pleasures sadly, but the point is that we do take them!

Westminster has always been a poor show beside Lord's and the Oval—and we hope it always will be. An English Lenin would stand precious little chance in competition with a Larwood or a Hobbs!

The pluck and grit, the sense of fair-play and the instinctive desire to "play the game" that are the hall-mark of the Englishman are born of the splendid indifference to the sombre realities of life the minute there is a chance of indulging in healthy sport.

We taught the world to play games, and although we may lose an occasional laurel in the higher ranks of sport—to the French in tennis, the Americans in boxing and the Finns or Italians in a Marathon—Sport spelt with a big "S" is still peculiarly our own.

Possibly climate is at the bottom of it. We may be a "wet" country, but our air is temperate, and the green fields are always there to lure us from the serious things of life.

It is not that we are really indifferent. More than one demagogue has found that out to his cost. But we like fun as much as we

care, beneath the surface, for the well-being and prosperity of the country.

So why shouldn't we have a breather this Easter before we plunge into the noise and the dirt of an electoral battle? Why shouldn't we, at any rate for one week-end in the year, forget our troubles and "go to it" with vim and zest?

Individually we shall be all the better for it. We shall be healthier as a nation. We shall blow away a lot of cobwebs, and shed a whole heap of bitterness and discontent.

It's Easter. Let's have a real holiday. We can attend to the politicians later.

THERE arises periodically an outcry against the ever-increasing number of inspectors of something or other that various Acts of Parliament let loose on the country.

The Sale of Foods (Weights and Measures) Act of 1928, which became operative last year, was the occasion of such an outcry.

Fleecers found out

We agree entirely that we can be over-inspected. We dislike bureaucracy heartily, and we are temperamentally afflicted with a suspicion of officialdom in all its forms.

But people are not all angels. Human nature contains a fairly high percentage of the "get-rich-quick" germ. Fraud is not unknown as a factor in trade!

Therefore, when we read that of 69,519 weighing appliances tested in Manchester alone since the Act came into operation no fewer than 13,671 were found to be incorrect, we are not really surprised, for a fair proportion of the faulty scales were deliberately made so.

Had these latter not been inspected, how long would their owners have gone on fleecing their unsuspecting customers?

That is the trouble: it is the dishonest man who gives this type of official an excuse for his existence.

AS in so many other departments of life, we bring most of our troubles on ourselves because we obstinately refuse to realise that communal well-being and freedom from restriction depend at bottom on straight dealing and a plain honesty.

For if men and women will not give each other a square deal, they must not complain if the bureaucrats take advantage of the situation to multiply their numbers.

IT does not redound to the credit of the Ministry of Pensions that ten years after the war there are still many thousands of ex-Service men and their dependents who have been and are still being, deprived of their rights merely because they do not know of the existence of the pension warrants applicable to their cases.

Meanness Mongers

It is useless for the Ministry to meet criticism by reiterating the feeble excuse that, as the result of the issue of handbooks and leaflets between 1917 and 1920, pensioners "with relatively few exceptions" took advantage of the opportunities of acquainting themselves with their rights.

It is simply not true. We know it is not true, for there daily pour into our Pensions Bureau letters from readers who have no pensions at all, or whose pensions are considerably smaller than they should be.

The measure of the feebleness of the Ministry's excuse is the fact that nearly all the complaints that reach us are justified, and that sooner or later we get matters put right.

We get them put right simply because our expert knows what folk can claim under the Royal Warrants, and they don't.

And it is not a case of charity: it is a case of knowledge forcing the Ministry to give men and women their legal rights.

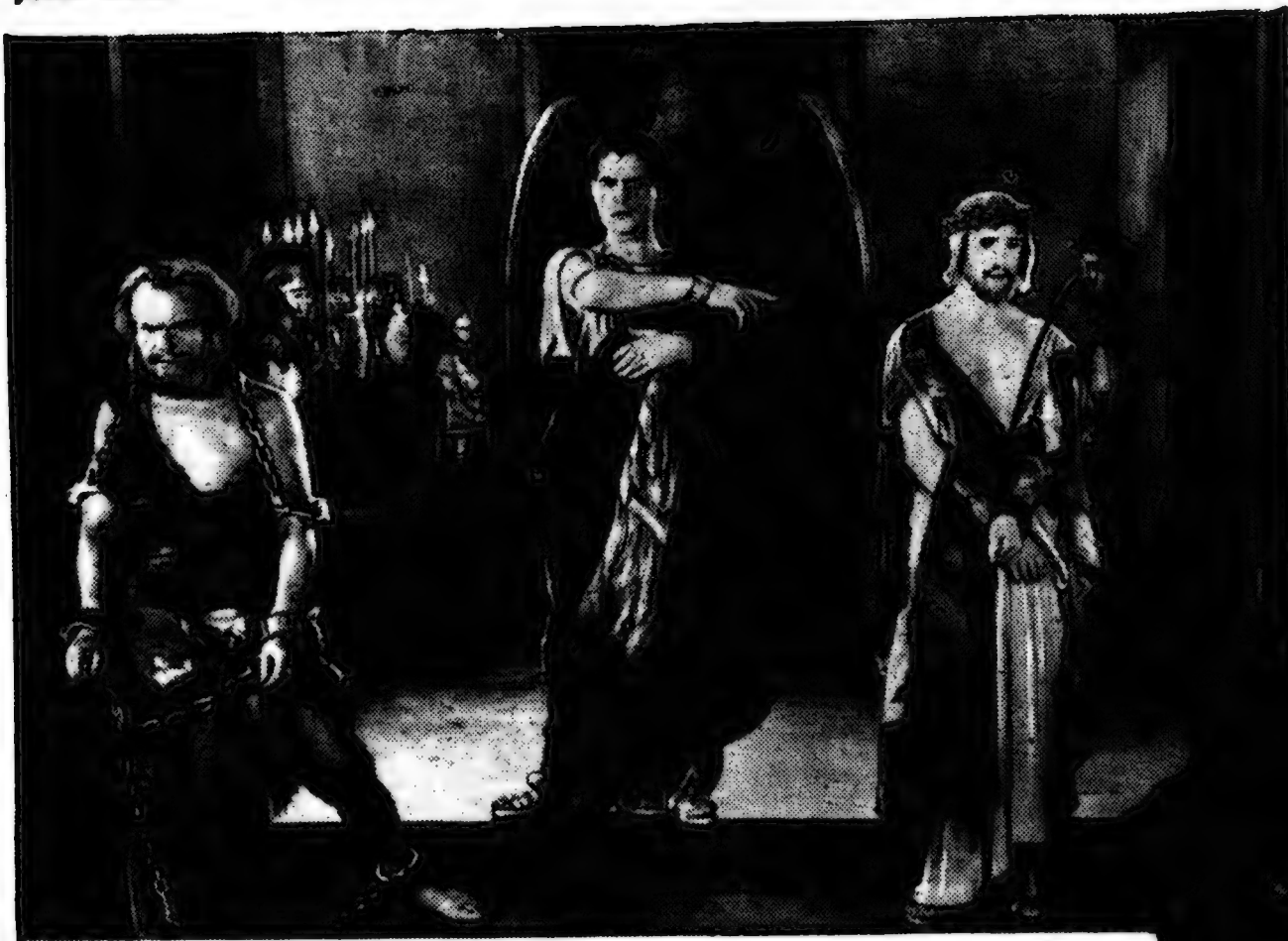
HOW many people there are up and down the land who have perfectly valid claims, but who do not know, we cannot calculate. They run into many thousands.

The Ministry knows that they exist, but makes no move to find that all have justice done them. There is, unfortunately, no legal obligation on them to make the first move.

Too often and for too long have neglect and want been the rewards of those who fought or who lost husbands or sons; and if the Ministry of Pensions has any genuine intention of carrying out its obligations, it should take immediate steps to issue notices to the Press throughout the country and to all ex-Service organisations, drawing attention to the benefits obtainable under the Royal Warrants.

This year is not very old, but already JOHN BULL has secured over £500 for pensioners whom the Ministry was quite content to leave in ignorance of their rights!

This makes a fairly complete answer to the smug complacency of the Ministry's excuses.



"Pilate said unto them, 'Whom will ye that I release unto you, Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ?'"

"NOT GUILTY!"

That was the verdict at the second trial of Jesus of Nazareth, held before Pilate, the Roman Governor of Judaea, in the courtyard of his palace in Jerusalem, in the early hours of the first Good Friday.

Condemned by His own people, He was acquitted by His people's conqueror—"I find no fault in Him."

Tense, moving drama had filled the days preceding the two trials of that Friday morning.

On Sunday morning, Jesus went from Bethany to Jerusalem, riding in triumph to His death, surrounded by enthusiastic Galileans, come up to Jerusalem for the Passover, who had heard His teaching and had learned to love Him.

On Sunday He was acclaimed.

On Friday He was to be insulted and assailed, but not by the same people.

"Crucify Him!"

The crowds that howled "Crucify Him!" were Jerusalem folk and strangers from far-away cities. The crowd that shouted "Hosanna!" were His neighbours. Arrived in Jerusalem, Jesus drove the money-changers and the traders out of the temple, and in doing so added to the number of His enemies.

Annas, the ex-High Priest, and the second most influential member of the Sanhedrin—or Council of the Priests—had, it is said, a considerable interest in this illicit temple trade.

As Sunday evening drew on, He went back to Bethany.

The popular enthusiasm of the morning had notably diminished. The crowds that had strewn palms before Him at least half believed that a deliverer had arisen who would drive the Romans out of the land and restore a national government.

But nothing much had happened during the day, and there

was already more than a suggestion of disappointment.

On the Monday and the Tuesday Jesus was again in the temple, teaching the people, with His enemies artfully plotting to lure Him into indiscretions that would contrive His undoing. These intrigues were the prelude to the trial.

Judaea was a province of the Roman Empire, governed by a Roman Governor, supported by a small army of occupation.

Jewish home rule

But with the characteristic acute intelligence of Rome, Judaea had been permitted to retain a considerable amount of home rule. It largely remained a theocracy. The priests had political as well as spiritual authority.

The Sanhedrin, the spiritual law court, retained a considerable jurisdiction.

But while the Jewish judges had the power to sentence to death, the sentence could not be carried out without the sanction of the Roman Governor.

The priests had determined on the destruction of the Prophet of Nazareth for two reasons. They were reasonably apprehensive that He might excite the people to a rebellion against the Roman power, which would be certain to fall and which could only make conditions more intolerable.

A plot

They also feared the loss of their own authority which Jesus had constantly criticised and sometimes denounced. If He were to be destroyed, obviously the time to move was Passover-tide, with the city crowded and with the people so spiritually excited as to be most easily influenced by the priests.

So pitfalls were dug for His feet, but the questions put to Him were countered with supreme astuteness.

The orthodox Pharisee and the freethinking Sadducee both failed in their cross-examination, and the attempt to persuade the

Christ into some open defiance of the Roman rule merely brought from Him the famous remark, "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's."

But while He avoided any statement that malice could easily twist into an affront to Rome, He took no pains to placate the priests.

On the contrary, on the Tuesday evening He burst into the great denunciation, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees." Then "Jesus walked out of the temple," never to enter it again.

On this same evening, Judas Iscariot, the greedy, ambitious realist, wearied of kingdoms "not of this world," had his interview with Caiaphas, the High Priest, and agreed to betray his Master for thirty pieces of silver.

The Last Supper

The Wednesday was probably spent by Jesus in quiet prayer and meditation in the hills.

On Thursday He sat at the Paschal Feast with His disciples, including Judas, in an upper room within the city.

It was nearly midnight when He and His friends made their way out of the gates to the Garden of Gethsemane, and there Christ was betrayed by Judas to the priests and taken by the Jewish temple guard, not by Roman soldiers, for His trial before the Sanhedrin.

The proceedings were a direct contravention of the Jewish law, which laid it down that trials for life could only be heard during the day, and that such a trial must proceed to the second day before there could be a condemnation. Jesus was tried during the night and was condemned after a few hours.

The evident reason for this illegal haste was that the judges, who were also in effect the accusers, feared the people, and particularly the Galileans.

Since Palm Sunday, the people had grown doubtful, but their en-

Caiaphas,
the
High
Priest



"Then one of the Twelve, called Judas Iscariot, came unto them 'What will ye give me, and I will deliver unto you Jesus the Nazarene, who is called Christ.'"
covenanted with Him for the

thusiasm might again be quickened. If condemnation was to be certain, it must be speedy.

Caiaphas was something of a statesman, unscrupulous maybe, but able, and not without a genuine, if a narrow, patriotism.

His difficulty was to formulate a charge which would compel the Roman Governor to sanction the death penalty which the Sanhedrin had already determined to pass.

TRIAL of JESUS

by SIDNEY DARK

So the judges sat, some of them half-ashamed, all of them uncomfortable, and the Prisoner stood before them, quiet, untroubled, infinitely dignified, entirely master of Himself.

The proceedings had a close resemblance to those in a modern French law court, the judges cross-examining and hectoring the Prisoner.

Often He refused to answer and was buffeted about the face by His guards. Never could a word be obtained from Him that would certainly assure conviction by a

His judges found Him guilty and sentenced Him to death.

After the sentence there was a dreadful scene in the judgment-hall. The venom of His enemies could no longer be restrained. "Then did they spit in His face and buffeted Him; and others smote Him with the palms of their hands."

There were friends of His as well as enemies in the hall of the Sanhedrin—Nicodemus, who had come to Him by night, marvelling at the mysteries that He taught, and the rich, kind-hearted Joseph of Ari-



"And when they had plaited a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand: and they bowed the knees before Him, and mocked Him, saying, 'Hail, King of the Jews!'"



"And they led Jesus away to the High Priest: and with him were assembled all the chief priests and the elders and the scribes"

Roman judge. Suborned witnesses were called, but their evidence was contradictory.

At last the judges were convinced that the charge must be twisted.

For the time Rome was ignored. Jesus was a Jew answering to a Jewish spiritual court. "I adjure Thee by the living God," said Calaphas, "that Thou tell us whether Thou be the Christ, the Son of God."

And to this there came the answer, spoken in steady and unflinching tones, "Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven."

That was enough. Here was blasphemy, an affront to the religion of Israel, a mere man claiming the Godhead. Out of His own mouth He was convicted.

mathæa, who was to find a burial-place for Jesus in his garden, and who in after years, so the legend runs, was to be the first man to preach Christianity in England and to plant the holy thorn at Glastonbury.

And there, too, skulking in the crowd, was Judas, already tingling with shame.

The Sanhedrin had spoken. But what of Pilate, the Roman Governor? He knew nothing of Jewish religious laws. He was unlikely to regard the charge of blasphemy as serious.

But the astute Calaphas had a complete knowledge of Pilate's character. He was ambitious, timorous, and none too secure.

The central government in Rome disliked trouble in the far-away provinces. Local rebellions were a costly nuisance, and local governors were valued for their capacity for keeping the peace.

Roman and Jew

Calaphas had all this in mind when he made a formal request to Pilate to approve the sentence of the Sanhedrin.

The relation between the Roman Governor and the Jewish court was, says Lord Shaw, analogous to "the power of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in regard to crime within a Dominion of the Crown, like, say, India."

But not only was it within the province of the Governor to prevent a miscarriage of justice; he had the power to re-try the Pri-

soner personally, to interrogate Him, and, if he felt fit, to call witnesses.

Moreover, he could do more than upset the finding in the Jewish court and order a re-trial; he could mitigate the penalty in any way that seemed good to him.

Pilate was puzzled by the whole proceedings. Why the hurry? Why should the Jews disregard their own custom and tradition by holding a trial at night and by demanding an execution during the great festival?

Pilate's doubt

What had the Prisoner done to justify such a novel proceeding?

Again Calaphas changed the charge.

Christ had been condemned for blasphemy, but the charge recited to Pilate was: "We find this Man perverting our nation and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, and saying that He Himself is Christ the King."

Pilate may well have marvelled at the sudden consideration for the rights of the Emperor shown by the Jewish High Priest.

But the representative of the Emperor obviously could not ignore the subtly worded accusation. He must, at least, himself examine the Accused.

The judge was irritated, scornful, and a little afraid. Calaphas, determined, heavy-browed, stood in the place of the accuser. Behind him were the other priests of the Sanhedrin.

The angry mob

Outside the palace was an ever-increasing crowd, stirred up by agents of the priests, becoming more and more frenzied in their resentment against the Man Who, at the time of the most sacred of all Jewish feasts, had been found guilty of blasphemy.

Roman justice stood pitted against Jewish fanaticism. And in the midst was the Prisoner, weary after hours of trial and insult, completely conscious what His end must be.

The second examination of the Prisoner was entirely without the rancour of the first.

Pilate asked him, "Art Thou a King?" and the Prisoner answered, "My Kingdom is not of this world."

Again came the impatient question, "Art Thou a King?" and to this there was the strange answer, "Everyone that is of the truth heareth My voice," and Pilate asked back, "What is truth?"

But he was impressed.

To his judicial mind there was no case against the Accused, and he turned to Calaphas with his verdict: "I find no fault in Him."

Not guilty! The Prisoner was acquitted.

But Calaphas was not beaten. Pilate must think again. He reminded him of his duty to the Emperor. "Who so maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar."

And the crowd outside the palace grew more noisy and menacing.

For a moment there seemed a way out. Someone had said the Prisoner was a Galilean. Very well, Herod, the King of Galilee, was in Jerusalem for the Passover. Let him judge his own subject.

Herod's refusal

But Herod was accepting no such responsibility. He mocked Christ, "arrayed Him in a gorgeous robe and sent Him back to Pilate."

During the interval, the Governor's wife had implored him to have nothing to do with the death of a just Man. But Pilate was by now thoroughly cowed. Calaphas had hinted at letters to Rome—"Thou art not Cæsar's friend."

Was it worth while risking a high position for the sake of a half-crazy Prophet? But if the Man must die, the responsibility should lie with the Jewish people.

So he went outside the palace and addressed the mob.

"It is customary that I should release one prisoner. There are two prisoners here in my charge, Barabbas the murderer and Jesus of Nazareth. Which shall I release?"

And there was a tremendous shout, "Barabbas! Barabbas!"

Pilate was horrified, disgusted. "What, then, shall I do with Jesus which is called the Christ?"

"Let Him be crucified!" By the people he was condemned!

The Prophet was rejected by His own kith and kin. The Saviour was spurned by those whom He came to save. That was the tragedy of Jerusalem nearly two thousand years ago. It is the tragedy of Britain to-day.



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Time and CHANCE

A "TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION" STORY

FOR the third time in ten minutes, John Hammond, the bone-setter, broke off his writing to listen to the harsh and painful coughing of his wife in the small bedroom adjoining the kitchen-living-room in which he was working, and his thin, pale face was wrung and strained as he listened.

His was the fine, gentle face of one growing old who has lived cleanly, unselfishly, and has always striven to keep himself charitably-minded.

For many years anxiety had been plain to see in his steady grey eyes, but never before had that anxiety been so blended with fear—for it was only within the last few weeks that he had begun to fear that his wife was dying.

The doctors had told him not so long ago that he must take her south, and he had done that. They had left Briggan, the big, bleak industrial town in the North, and had come down to this milder climate near Bournemouth.

But now the bone-setter knew there had been no use in doing that. He knew that they had accomplished nothing towards curing that ominous cough, and had exchanged a certain small income for something that was dangerously near starvation.

In and about the big, busy mining and manufacturing towns up north there was always much that a bone-setter could do.

IT was never highly paid, but neither John Hammond nor his wife Mary was greedy. He had always been too rapt in his task of relieving suffering and misery, too eagerly generous with his great natural gift, ever to vex his spirit because the hard-working folk who came to him for aid were themselves too poor to pay him high fees.

So now, because of that, he sat listening, afraid for her, desperate to aid her, penniless, in a poverty-stricken room, haunted by the prosperous South Country doctor's last words to him—words to the effect that she was frail, very frail, and should be given better nourishment in a drier and sunnier climate, "such as South Africa."

The doctor might as well have advised him to take Mary to the moon.

The spasm died out. The bone-setter rose, and stole into the room, gave the flushed little woman her medicine, kissed her, and made her as comfortable as he could.

He told her that he was compelled to go out for a little while, but would ask a neighbour's wife to look in as often as she could. He would be back soon, he said, and added that he hoped to bring her some good news.

"Good news, John?"

"Yes, my dear. There must be good news for us some day—every long lane has its turning."

But he had often said that before to cheer her, and she closed her eyes so that he should not see the sudden mist that blinded her. But he saw the one big tear that stole out in spite of the closed eyes.

She felt him wipe it away with that extreme gentleness which characterised the wonderful fingers which had brought to so many the happiness which now was denied them.

He kissed her again, then went out, put on his hat and, moving quietly, took from a cupboard a small flat bundle wrapped in brown paper, and left the house.

An hour later John Hammond was standing on the marble steps of a house, so huge and splendid that it

might almost have been called a palace, set in a deer-park of great trees.

At the foot of these steps, standing on the smooth, faultless driveway of golden-hued gravel, was an enormous car, glittering with silver plate and varnish, with a smart chauffeur waiting by the open door.

The man whom Hammond had met at the door as he was coming out to the car was studying intently a very small, unframed picture which the bone-setter had handed to him.

He was a man of perhaps fifty, short, broad, with a big head, a square, heavy, clean-shaven face, a grim mouth, and cold, light, greenish-grey eyes, very steady and piercing—eyes that could be cruel, one felt.

This was Sir James Redmon, the multi-millionaire financier, but neither in his eyes nor upon his hard face was there any more happiness than in those of the shabby man before him.

Presently the former looked up from the frameless little picture.

"You hope to sell this to me," he said, in a curiously quiet, level voice.

"Why?"

"Because I am in desperate need of money, Sir James. I have brought it to you first because I understand that you are a collector, a connoisseur, and that you are especially interested in the work of John Constable."

Next Week:

THE
NICE
KIND
WOMAN



a real life story by
A. M. BURRAGE

"This picture is the property of my wife. She has had it for many years—treasured it because it is a painting of a cottage almost identical with the cottage in which she was living when we first met, and where I courted her. She does not know it is a Constable. I only discovered the signature the other day, when I removed the frame. It was a pretty little frame, and I needed the money it was worth."

"I see," said the millionaire, rather quietly. "What do you think the picture is worth?"

"Why, I hardly know—a great deal of money, I suppose. I know nothing of pictures—I have been too occupied



The boy handled the crutches he was using with the pathetic and ominous deftness of one well used to them. "Well, daddy, I thought you'd gone without saying 'good-bye,'" he said

all my life to study them. I prefer to leave that to you—I should be satisfied to accept what you thought fair—a man in your position would hardly care to stoop to rob a man in my circumstances, I should imagine."

Sir James shrugged his shoulders offering the painting to Hammond.

"But this picture—," he began, and broke off as a boy came out of the hall behind him—a boy of about eleven, with the thin, white face, already slightly lined, of one who had suffered a great deal of pain in spite of his few years.

He was hurrying and handled the small, rubber-tipped crutches he was using with the pathetic and ominous deftness of one well-used to them.

"Well, daddy, I thought you'd gone without saying 'good-bye,'" he said.

The hard eyes had softened now as the millionaire faced his boy.

"Why, that's not likely ever to happen, sonny," he said. "I—"

But he was interrupted.

"I beg your pardon—," said John Hammond, rather abruptly, speaking in a new voice.

Sir James Redmon turned, frowning. He did not care to have people interrupt him when he was speaking with the son he adored, his only child.

BUT the face of the shabby man had changed also. A sudden authority had come upon it, and the millionaire now saw wisdom and strength, dignity and even a touch of anger in the eyes which only a second or two before had been so humble.

"Why does the child carry those things?"

Hammond pointed to the crutches, motioning away the picture which the millionaire still proffered him.

"Because he is a cripple," said Sir James, his voice cold and so bitterly sardonic that it held a sort of resentful snarl.

"But—at his age! How long has he been so? This should not be. Pardon me, allow me to speak—I am informed on these matters. All my life I have dealt with such things. What caused his disability?"

"He fell from his pony two years ago," said Sir James, slowly, his eyes fast on Hammond.

Then the flash of eagerness which had appeared on the millionaire's face died away, and he spoke with a stony calmness.

"He has been to a score of specialists

by BERTRAM ATKEY

Illustrated by Comerford Watson

The hard eyes had softened now as the millionaire faced his boy. "Why, that's not likely ever to happen, sonny," he said.



—but nothing can be done for him. They agree that only time and growth might help him. Don't be about it—or me."
"Let the child come here to me!"

There was a serene strength in the even, authoritative voice of the shabby man now, and on his haggard face an expression that Sir James had never seen on that of any one of the highly paid specialists of whom he had spoken.

THE bone-setter held out his long, white, slender, sinewy hands—beautiful hands.

"I have nothing of value in the world, Sir James, but a dying wife and these. But God set eyes in these hands of mine, and I have done my best to deserve that gift," he said. "Let the child come here to me!"

It was a command.
A sudden conviction must have struck like a blade to the heart of the millionaire, for he shivered strangely. Then, his eyes blazing with hope, he looked down at his son.

The boy moved under the gentle arm of the shabby man like a tired bird coming at last to its nest.

"Let us go indoors and see what is wrong, shall we?" said John Hammond.

So they went in, the millionaire following them, the forgotten picture still in his hand.

Twenty minutes later, Hammond and Sir James Redmon faced each other across the library table.

"It was a slight displacement of cartilage. But that was complicated by the disarrangement of an obscure muscle far from what seemed to be the root of the injury. I shall operate to-morrow—oh, don't be afraid, it will be with my hands only—and—"

he smiled—"you may buy him another pony, if you like—he has earned it—and he will be able to ride it as well as ever in a fortnight."

There was such absolute conviction in his voice, such inspiration—as it seemed to the millionaire—in his eyes that it was impossible to doubt him.

Sir James stared.
"You have indebted me and my son to you to an extent that money can never repay," he began, slowly, but the bone-setter smiled.

"I have done for you and him no more than I have done for many a poor man in the North for the joy of it," he said.

The millionaire thought that over.

"I see—I see," he murmured, presently, like a man talking to himself.

Then he turned to the table on which he had put the little painting.

"To come back to this matter," he said, "I dislike the idea of depriving you of this little gem—but if you are still of the same mind, I would be prepared to pay you five thousand pounds for it. I should like to see it in my collection."

The bone-setter stared.
That meant everything Mary needed—everything—probably her life. But—surely it was too much—charity!

The keen-witted man watching him understood.

"Evidently you are not aware of the huge prices which good pictures fetch," he said. "I will tell you of a few examples."

He did so, and the doubt cleared from Hammond's eyes.

"I will give you the cheque now," said the millionaire, "on the condition that if your wife does not approve of your selling it then the bargain shall be cancelled and the picture returned to you—and the cheque to me less the amount of your professional fees."

There was a secret smile lurking on the hard mouth.

The Hammonds would never again need anything that money could buy while Sir James Redmon possessed his fortune, but the millionaire was too keen a judge of men to say so, or even to hint as much.

FOR while, all his life, the rich man of these two had been receiving, the poor man had been giving—not money, but pity, sympathy, and a skill that was priceless.

And in spite of his poverty and the bitter straits to which he had been reduced there was within him a secret flame of pride which would for ever forbid him to seek for himself that charity which he had so long and generously extended to others.

The millionaire understood this, and practised in the handling of men as he was, had no difficulty in making his point.

So it was settled and done and John Hammond, after making arrangements about the operation, or, rather, the manipulation under an anaesthetic, of the boy's injury next day, returned to his home.

And he went in the great car, and beside him he took a great hamper of delicacies which the millionaire had insisted on his taking.

Very soon he was sitting at the bedside of his wife who, revived by the amazing news he brought as though by a powerful stimulant, listened in silence to the end.

Then after a pause she slipped her hand into his and spoke low and painfully.

"But, John, there is something I must tell you. My picture is not—not genuine. I—I took it to a shop just before I had to stay in bed."

"The man there laughed at it, John. He said it was only an imitation of a painting by Constable—the very worst copy he had ever seen," he said.

She began to cry.

"You must tell Sir James Redmon—and, after all, there will be some fees to come to you when you have cured his little boy. I should never be happy if we did anything so dishonest. . . ."

VERY white, Hammond bent over and kissed her gently.

"Don't worry, Mary, I understand," he said. "I shall be back very soon."

Within half an hour he was again standing in the library with Sir James Redmon.

But the millionaire had changed. He listened quietly enough till Hammond had spoken.

Then he slipped his arm through Hammond's and said, "Come with me, my friend," and led the way into a large room full of magnificent paintings—masterpieces, most of them.

He crossed to the far wall and pointed. And Hammond saw, set in the central, most prominent position of all the shabby, unframed, poorly painted copy which he had brought there.

"Listen," said the millionaire. "There is half a million pounds' worth of old masters in this room—and the whole lot put together are not worth to me a tithe of the value of that poor little picture. I will tell you why."

"You are ignorant of pictures, my friend—I realised that the moment you showed me your copy this morning. But what is the reason why you are ignorant about pictures? Because you have spent the whole of your life and most of your time in perfecting yourself, and developing your natural gift for a more useful art."

"IF you had known more about pictures you would never have come near me. And of all the men in the world, you were the one man I have prayed secretly that I should find."

"That poor little imitation of Constable is the most valuable—to me—of all my treasures, as it will be to my son and, I hope, his son after him."

And when, presently, my boy is right again, and we have done everything to make your wife well again, and I have established you in a place where you can use your talent to its best advantage—your secret ambition, I see that, my friend—then I hope your wife will accept as a little souvenir of the day this picture"—he touched another—the real Constable painting from which this copy was once made.

"There's a verse in the Bible that is often in my mind," continued Sir James. "'The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong . . . but time and chance happeneth to them all!' Time and chance has happened to us to-day, my friend!"

He offered his hand to the bone-setter.

And, in the midst of many treasures, poor man and rich man exchanged grips, each understanding the other the better because each in his own way had lifted the other from despair to a hope that, for both, was destined to be fulfilled.



CORN

Lifted out after 6 Radox Footbaths

There is no such thing as an immovable corn. Radox footbaths will so soften the hardest corn that it can be lifted out between the fingers. Here is an example. This lady had a corn for six years. Nothing would move it—until she tried Radox. Then six fifteen-minute footbaths freed her of the corn, root and all. Read her letter:—

"Your Radox Bath Salts have completely cured the one corn I have had for about six years. I tried plasters and corn paints before using Radox, without result, but after bathing my feet in Radox for six times I was able to lift out the corn between my thumb and finger-nail, and the corn has not returned since."

"Radox is very good as a shampoo also, and I always add it to the water when washing my hair, also my face. It makes the hair dry beautifully and clean looking, and the complexion is very attractive."

Feb. 4th, 1929. Miss E. C. C., Wyndham.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than other salts.

1/6
half-pound
pink packs

Radox Bath Salts

Give your Feet that "Kruschen Feeling."

Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1/6 per lb. Pink Packet, and 2/6 double quantity.



Indigestion

Now he's hale and hearty!

"For very many years prior to 1923 I suffered considerably from indigestion, and at times I dared not partake of food. I tried a great many so-called remedies, but none of them benefited me in the least. On the advice of the doctor who was attending me, I purchased a bottle of Kruschen Salts and commenced taking the little daily dose as prescribed. In two or three days I felt greatly relieved, and since that time I have not suffered one minute's sickness of any kind. Although I am more than 75 years of age, I always feel as lively and active as any man 25 or 30 years my junior. Many of my friends and acquaintances often remark how well I look and ask me how I manage to keep so fit. My answer invariably is: 'Try Kruschen Salts and you will never regret it.' I could not be without Kruschen on any account." 5th Feb., 1929. H. A. L., Whitechurch, Salop.

Does indigestion make your life a misery? Then get acquainted with Kruschen—quickly! It is bound to stimulate the healthy flow of your digestive juices. Then you can eat what you will without fear of paying the old painful penalty. Kruschen will keep your inside clean and serene. Pure and invigorated blood will be sent pulsating to every part of your body. The health benefits will be so supremely satisfying that, like more than a million others, you will take a positive pleasure in the duty of the "little daily dose."

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Good Health for a Farthing a Day
Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/-, and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Start to-morrow.



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Resting restores keenness and temper to a razor edge. The 'Day-mark' on every Myatt Blade enables you to rest and use each edge in turn and so maintain it in first class form day in and day out.

The Myatt is the only blade in the world possessing this unique Day-mark device. See that you get it.

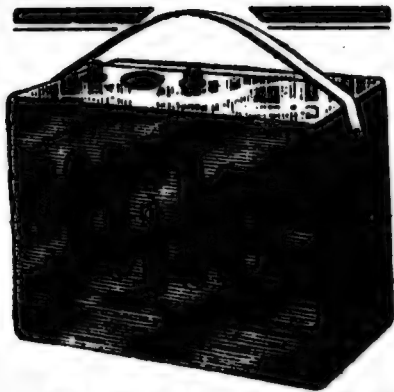
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"Mr. Amery has but to give the necessary orders"

UNDER the British flag in Hong Kong virtual slavery and worse still exists. It is cloaked under the guise of child adoption and is known as the system of Mui Tsai.

The most frequent victims of the system are girls. Their ages range between four and thirteen. At the best their fate is to be a domestic drudge, at the worst to be sold for prostitution.

The Government cannot claim to be ignorant of its existence. In 1923 Mr. Winston Churchill, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, said in the House of Commons:

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The real distinction between the two is very slight; it is a matter of price.

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The price of bread

The transaction is arranged by a middleman. He draws his supplies from Canton, where, owing to the disturbed state of affairs consequent upon years of civil war, parents are ready to part with their children rather than starve.

Between the buyer and the seller a definite contract note passes, as though the girl were a bale of merchandise.

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This is just as well, for in a typical case that came before the courts the child was brought in covered with burns. She had been branded all over with hot irons.

A child's screams

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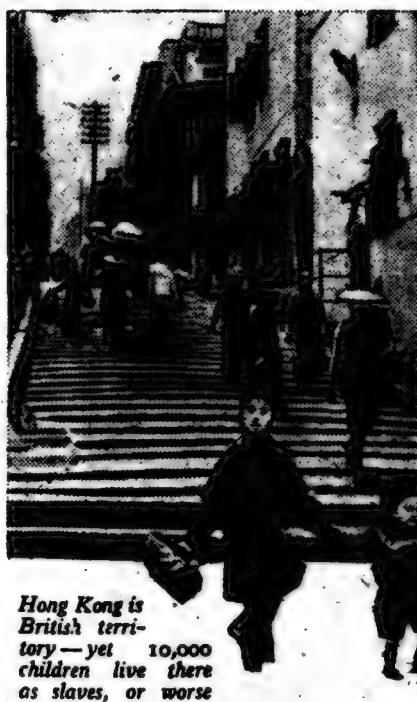
He went to the police and reported the matter, but all efforts to get them to take up the matter proved useless, so hardened have they become to this cruel system.

No wages are paid to the girl between four and eighteen. Under some contracts the parents can, if they become rich enough, redeem their child, but such cases are rare in the extreme.

LITTLE YELLOW SLAVES Under the UNION JACK



Pretty Chinese girls like these fetch good prices as Mui Tsai



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Merely farcical

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The traffic in Mui Tsai from Hong Kong to British North Borneo is particularly scandalous. There is less difficulty for the traffickers to bring their victims from one part of British territory to another than from Chinese to British.

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Satiny and satisfying is Nestlé's Milk Chocolate. Taste it; and it will graciously help you to forget that you ever tasted any other.

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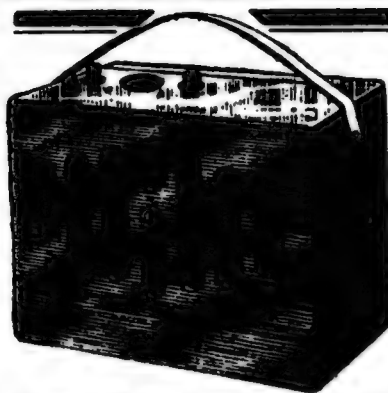
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It is not at all unusual for the girls to be resold. There are many reasons for this. In the first place, the older they are the greater the price they can command, and therefore form a business investment.

Or supposing that, although her owner uses her for household work, she is ravished by another member of the household, she becomes unmarriageable.

The best plan is to buy another, but recoup oneself by selling her to a disorderly house, where prices always run higher.

Concubinage is customary in South China. The concubines collect as many of these girls as possible, for should their master die, they will be left penniless if they have not Mui Tsai to sell.

High prices

The buyers, since a high price is demanded, are inevitably the keepers of disorderly houses. The end of the child slave in more cases than not, is as an inhabitant of one of these houses.

In fairness, however, it must be stated that there are cases on record where a Mui Tsai has been well treated and looked after.

The Mui Tsai system is closely connected with the white slave traffic. Great Britain is an adherent of the League of Nations White Slave Convention, and therefore the law of Britain lays it down that no girl can be detained in a disorderly house against her will or on the ground that she owes money.

Owing to the Chinese reverence for their ancestors and parents, a Chinese girl believes that if money has been received for her it is her duty to pay off the debt. Therefore, although she may be told that she is free, she conceives it to be her duty to stay.

This makes it very difficult to put the law into effect, and children of twelve to fourteen years of age are often to be found in such places.

The traffickers in the Far East are mostly women. In the West they are mostly men. These women ship girls



1/-
HALF POUND
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Nestlé's, the milk chocolate in the gay red jacket. Smooth creamy complexion.

Smooth creamy taste. The milk chocolate that keeps its own cows and feeds them in its own rich meadows.

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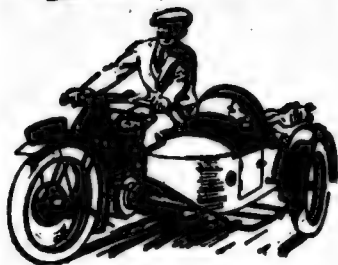
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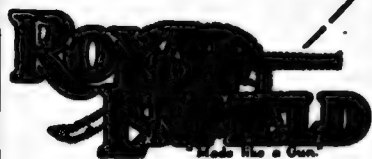
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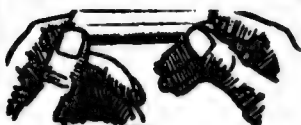
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Please put Enfield Cycle College.

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to have the best possible cigarette at the price of a gasper."

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In "DOLE College"

Hammer, Saw and Lathe Make Music

BOYS who have never been to work learning metal craft in "Dole College's" forge. Their sisters—and sweethearts—meanwhile are busy finding out how to boil, bake, roast and stew



—I am, sir; it's only late coming to tell you I was nearly late I am; that's all, sir.
Of course, the only possible punishment for such ingenuity is to prohibit the youngster from "blowing the bellows" for a senior working at the forge.

IN a tramcar, winding its way through the narrow streets of a South Wales mining town, a number of ill-clad but happy boys produced "seasons" when called on for their fares.

The conductor asked where they wished to be put down. The unanimous reply was "Dole College."

Accordingly, the car was pulled up at the foot of a hill which led to a stately mansion standing in its own miniature park.

Once the home of a Welsh coal-owner peer, the spacious house is now a Juvenile Unemployment Training Centre. This particular "Dole College" is one of about twenty such institutions in South Wales and a dozen or so in Durham.

Allied with the "colleges"—though under separate supervision and management—is what has come to be called the "kitchen."

In the "colleges" youths from the ages of fourteen to eighteen years are taught practical crafts, from boot-repairing to motor mechanics.

Not a schoolmaster

Girls from sixteen to eighteen and women from eighteen to twenty-five attend the "kitchen" for courses of training in general housework, cookery and laundry to prepare them for domestic posts.

They come under the scheme of the Ministry of Labour in conjunction with local county education authorities for dealing with unemployed boys and girls who cannot remain in school and are unfitted for any definitely practical jobs.

From one of these "Dole Colleges"—Mardy House—nearly a thousand boys have received training during the two years since the centre was established.

Of that number hundreds are already in jobs in different parts of the country and not a few have found employment in the very area where they could not get work as colliers and had no experience in any other wage-earning activity.

A trained certificated school teacher is head of the house. He is not a schoolmaster; he is more like a secretary of a club.

They play baseball

Two expert "craftsmen" are his assistants, and the curriculum of the "college" is made up of 75 per cent. manual labour and the remainder divided in forms of recreation, such as football, cricket and even baseball, while between spells at the forge or the turning machine, there are "spells" in the classroom where what the boys are supposed to have learned in school is recapitulated and touched up.

The visitor to Mardy House is greeted with conditions strangely contrasting to those existing when his lordship dwelt within its walls.

Sounds of hammer on anvil, the rasp of many saws, the whirr of lathes and the excited hubbub as of a factory in full swing—this is the initial greeting you get to Mardy House. But to look upon the source of these noises is an experience which does the heart good.

Altogether, there are just over a hundred boys in training in the house. Two or three leave to take up jobs one day, and two or three "freshers," recommended by the local Employment Exchange, take their place.

Proof of the pudding

But while they are there they learn and actually enjoy themselves while learning.

For what boy in the world would not enjoy having his own carpenter's bench or little individual forge at which he could make tables and bookcases, shovels and fireirons, and regard them as his own handiwork.

And they are his own! He has paid for the material, which is supplied at cut cost price, and the finished article becomes his own.

This applies also to the girls in the "kitchen," who eat the results of their own cooking and take home to father—who is probably out of work—the puddings and pasties which they have concocted during their training hours.

During their course of thirteen weeks' intensive training the girls make their own clothes—uniforms for kitchen and parlour work—which they take with them to service found for them by the Ministry.

How do they fit?

The boys, alternatively, repair their own boots. And, heaven knows, some of them need it! They are under supervision of a "prefect," a youth who had already worked in a repair shop, but is now unemployed.

Recently, some of the more badly shod and clothed "students" have been supplied with new outfits.

"How do they fit?" asked the head, of one boy who was given a brand new pair instead of a couple of dilapidated "barges."

"Oh, these are all right, sir," said the boy. "The others didn't touch my feet; they were father's old 'uns."

A delightful sense of fellowship exists between master and pupil. Real punishments have been known for breaches of conduct or indolence. They are rare, because the penalty may mean the loss of the "dole" and a decided black mark should the time come when there is a job going through the exchange.

Boys who are late "for school" do not have to write lines, but they do have to make a personal apology and explanation to the head.

"What have you got to say?" a tardy ragamuffin was asked when he reported "all present" at ten o'clock one morning. "Why are you late?"

"Not late coming to school—college

For the rest, a firm discipline is maintained at work and play, and the boys simply love it. They know they are acquiring something of more value to them than irksome studies of the higher arts.

And, best of all, they know that there's a wage-earning job at the end of it—whether it's in Woolwich, Glasgow, or, as has been known, Canada.

The "seasons" produced on the tram are supplied to boys coming from two miles or more distant from the centre, and it is not an unusual sight nowadays to see boys carrying home cupboards, hammers, metal ornaments or parts of chairs which they have made at "college."

A toasted kipper

In the girls' centre the variety of character is hardly as marked as among the boys. This, chiefly, because the girls go through a "direct course." They all begin at the same stage and finish their training as near to perfection as a housemaid can be.

And then another twenty girls come in and go through the same process.

But the first few days in a "kitchen" provide some quaint examples of the kind of home life many of these girls had led. To them the amenities of a well-run household are naturally utterly foreign.

Most of them have never seen a table "properly" laid, and have possibly never known a more lavishly cooked meal than a toasted kipper.

Yet within a few weeks they can cook their own meals—which they take in the "kitchen" before cleaning up for the night—and they know that when a gravy-ladle is asked for the mistress does not want some broken milk jug, and that a soup-tureen is not a saucepan!

Whatever may be said of Welsh girls in London, there is a fact worth recording about all the girls who have left the South Wales Home Training Centres—the "kitchens" of the coal fields—there is not one who has not found a decent job away from home and who is not happy in it.

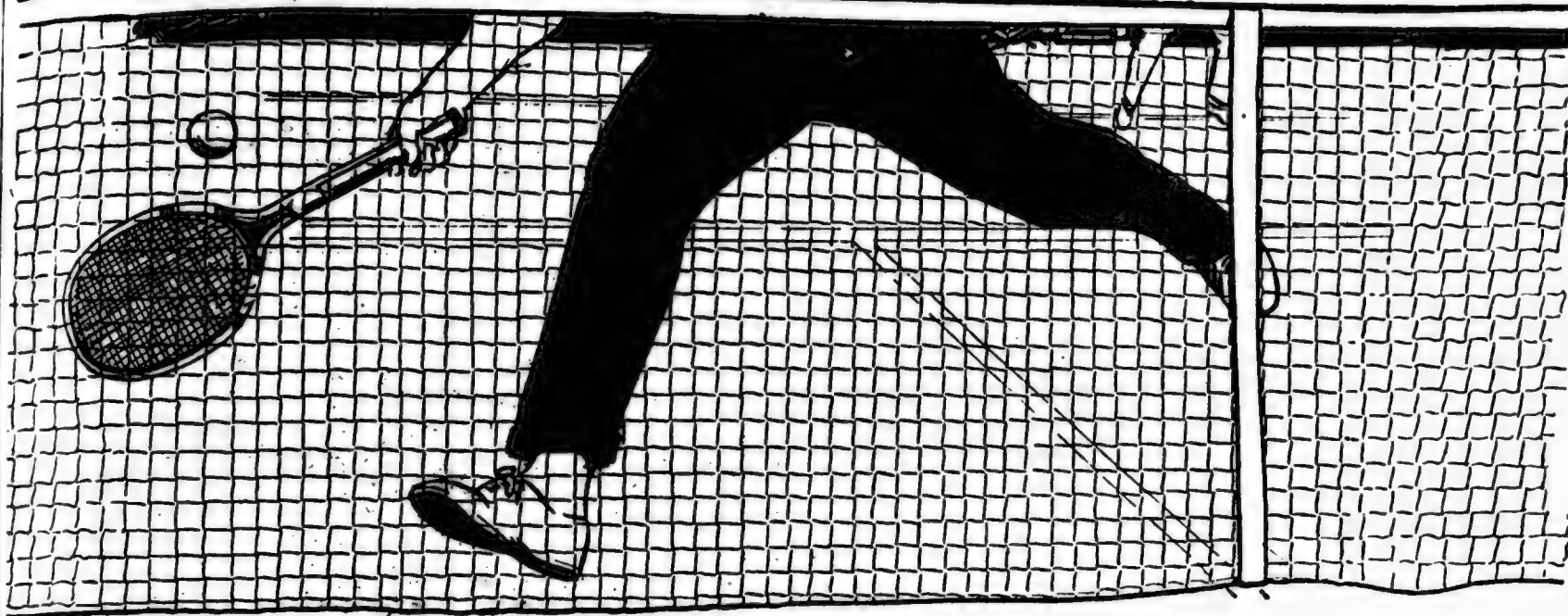
London is so pretty!

Many of them still keep in touch with their former "mistress," and the letters tell of the benefits they could never have had but for the "kitchen" course.

One letter, received from a girl who has a housemaid's job in a house overlooking Kensington Gardens, tells how happy she is, and concludes:

"Of course, I am getting new clothes little by little, and I shall never come back to Wales again for work, but only for exhibition! London seems a very pretty place."

Roly dreams, perchance! But anyway, London has given her a job for which she fitted herself in a South Wales Home Training Centre.



"232" GREY FLANNELS

"232" Grey Flannels are winners all the way. Their stamina is game for the hardest work or play.

Their style is 'strokes ahead' of all others. Their service is unbeatable. They are cut for elegance and ease, and fit without fault They score on every point—because they are thoroughly tailored from a cloth of unusual staying power. Obtainable in 64 fittings.

Sold (in 3 shades) by 4,000 agents. Below is a short list. Further names will appear in this paper at regular intervals.

4 1/2
(PER PAIR)

Ask to see "232" men's Blazers and Suits, and "232" Junior for boys and youths, in Suits, Blazers and Trousers.

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You can send me a free copy of the "232" Booklet and the name of the agent(s) in To "232" Publicity Dept., 38, Wood Street, London, E.C.2.

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WONDERFUL GLENGOLA TWEED SUIT 3/4 DOWN! OFFER for 3/4



WILL WEAR
TWICE AS
LONG AS ANY
OTHER
TWEED SUIT

DEAR SIR,

This suit is made of the new Glengola Tweed, which is specially woven for strength. It has been thoroughly tested, and I can recommend this splendid suit to give every satisfaction. Perfectly tailored, well cut and trimmed, and made in my own workrooms. A suit built with character. Made in 60 different sizes, in dark brown and dark grey, with very nice diamond patterns.

PRICE 55/-
Send 8/- and agree to pay me 6/- per month. State breast measure, height, and colour required.

Don't send for small patterns, but examine this suit. Money returned if not absolutely satisfied.

Yours truly,

John Blanford

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SIGNATURE
YOUR
SAFEGUARD."

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This wonderful 1929 Model is an entirely British product—every component part is British made and is therefore of thoroughly reliable quality. It is excellently finished and of the very latest design. Satisfaction is assured.

COMPARE THIS SPECIFICATION

DUNLOP RENOLD
ROADSTER TYRES CHAIN HALF INCH
LYCETT'S 2 ROLLER
3 Coiled Spring Saddle LEVER BRAKES
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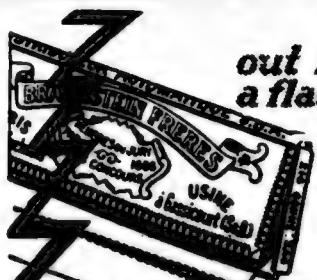
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a flash

**ZIG-ZAG
CIGARETTE PAPERS**



Prisoners' journeys in
modern motor "Black
Marias" are not joy-rides

THERE is a sudden silence in the police court.

"In this case, your worship, I ask for a week's remand," says a police officer.

He also intimates that he objects to bail.

Then, "You will be remanded in custody for a week," gravely intones the magistrate, and some poor wretch or other, still innocent in the sight of British law, realises that he is going to spend the next seven days within the four walls of a jail.

His emotions are mixed. He is curious as well as scared. It is a novel, even if a terrible, experience. He cannot suppress a feeling of speaking, uncanny interest. He is hypnotised almost by the realisation that he who a few hours ago was a free citizen is a captive—on his way to quod!

Perhaps he laughs sardonically and rubs his eyes; but it seems all too true when he is bundled gently into a prison van, or finds himself in a railway carriage with a plain-clothes policeman at his side.

Not handcuffed

We will presume that he travels by train. He is a decently behaved fellow and is not handcuffed. He reads a newspaper or chats with the police officer, who is only too anxious to spare him embarrassment.

When the London terminus is reached perhaps his companion allows him a final drink, and afterwards, in a taxi or by bus, the two set out for Brixton.

Finally, he is taken down the long avenue to the jail, through the gaunt, grim gates, and into a reception-room, where he is "signed for" and handed over to the reception warden.

Furnished with a white card certifying his religion, he is conducted across a yard to the reception ward.

"One in!" shouts a voice.

"One away!" responds another.

This is the customary check taken at Brixton when an inmate leaves one room for another.

The inquisition

In the reception ward he is asked many questions by a patient warden. His name, his address, the nature of his alleged offence, his age, his position in life, his next-of-kin and other necessary facts are all ascertained for entry in a great ledger. When the process is complete, he signs the page himself.

"Now get your supper," says a warden.

A few additional entries are made on his white card, and he has ceased to be a man with a name and becomes—a number.

"Supper" consists of a pint of cocoa and a roll of bread, served in a long corridor, where the most curious collection of individuals he has seen in his life sit on hard benches.

These are the "remands" of the

"... ON REMAND"

When a Man
becomes merely
a Number

consists of a mattress laid on a low wooden shelf.

There are a pillow and two blankets, while in his pillow-case he finds two sheets, a brush and comb, a pair of slippers (probably of the wrong size), a towel, a tablecloth and a nightshirt. He settles down to rest—and begins to think.

For the first time he realises what freedom means. For the first time he sympathises with a caged bird.

Possibly for the first time he realises the true value of his home, his wife and his children.

The light goes out beyond the frosted-glass window. He is alone in the terrible silence. He tries to sleep.

The three rings

After a seeming age the morning comes. At about six o'clock a bell clangs harshly, the door opens and a warden instructs an "old stager" to show him how to clean and tidy his cell.

Breakfast follows, consisting of half a pint of porridge, bread, and a pint of tea, and next an interview with the chaplain, who is kindly and encouraging.

Half an hour's exercise comes later in the morning. He finds the exercise-yard marked out in three rings of paving stones. The young, brisk and agile march round the outer ring; those who like to take it quietly round the second; the old and infirm round the third.

Must not talk

At midday he dines, probably on bread, potatoes boiled in their jackets and possibly a little meat and vegetables. The fare varies, but not much. The "menu" hangs in every cell and makes dull reading.

There is another half-hour's exercise in the afternoon, and then tea, the last meal of the day, consisting of a roll, a little margarine and a pint of cocoa.

From about 4.30 until six o'clock the next morning he is left to his own reflections. The light goes out at nine.

Such is the round of the day. As time goes by he learns more about Brixton.

He must not talk at exercise. He must attend divine service, once on the six weekdays and twice on Sundays. He is allowed a book which may be years old and come from another jail.

Any complaints?

Privileges are few, but those which exist are a godsend. Provided he has money or friends "outside," he may have newspapers supplied to him and his meals sent in from a caterer's.

Release comes at last. His property restored to him, he is hustled and hustled one morning, and paraded with others, before the Governor.

"Any complaints?" asks the august personage, and, having received his reply, disappears.

And so out through the big gates into a prison van. He takes the van again, and soon, in court, faces his accusers, for better or for worse.



"Then a cell door
clangs behind him..."

day from London and provincial courts. They include men of every walk of life, from the hardened professional crook to a frightened boy "in" for the first time.

Next he is ordered to remove his collar and tie, loosen his bootlaces and place all his small possessions in his hat. Then he is told to strip to the waist in preparation for the doctor.

Past the doctor, he replaces his shirt, but removes all other clothing, each item of which is carefully noted in a ledger.

Then he is weighed, handed back his clothes, which have been searched with the greatest care, and ordered to take a bath.

Tiers of cells

He finds his bath perfectly clean, but there is that inexpressible fear of "catching something." He has not much need of washing, and when a kindly warden whispers "Just paddle!" he paddles.

Returning to the search-room, he is given a cell number, a library ticket and a pillow-case packed to capacity with different articles.

And so off he goes to a big building in which are three tiers of cells, open in the centre from the ground floor to the roof, and with iron stairs and gangways around each tier.

The last chapter of his initiation now follows. He receives a Bible combined with a Hymn and Prayer Book, and a devotional book called "The Narrow Way."

Then a cell door clangs behind him. He gazes round curiously. The bed

QUICKER MONEY

Commencing with JOHN BULL Crossword No. 6, which you will find on page 4, no claims will be required.

This means quicker results; and prize-winners will receive their cheques ONE WEEK EARLIER than heretofore.

Quicker results—less trouble—and £500 for skill in an entertaining pastime.

It sounds a good proposition. Why don't you have a shot? Turn to page 4 now!



Aglow with Health

Children who are healthy are so joyously alive. They use up their energies in spendthrift fashion.

That is why a healthy child has such a good appetite—for every ounce of energy spent has to be made good by the energy-building nourishment obtained from food.

Delicious "Ovaltine" should be the daily beverage for every child. Prepared from malt, milk and eggs, it is complete in the elements which create energy and glorious health.

Particularly for weak and backward children is "Ovaltine" so invaluable. In such cases the digestive functions are probably weakened and from the daily dietary sufficient nutritive elements cannot be obtained. "Ovaltine" is so easy of digestion that every particle is assimilated by the weakest digestion.

OVALTINE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve & Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

P. 491



This looks good!

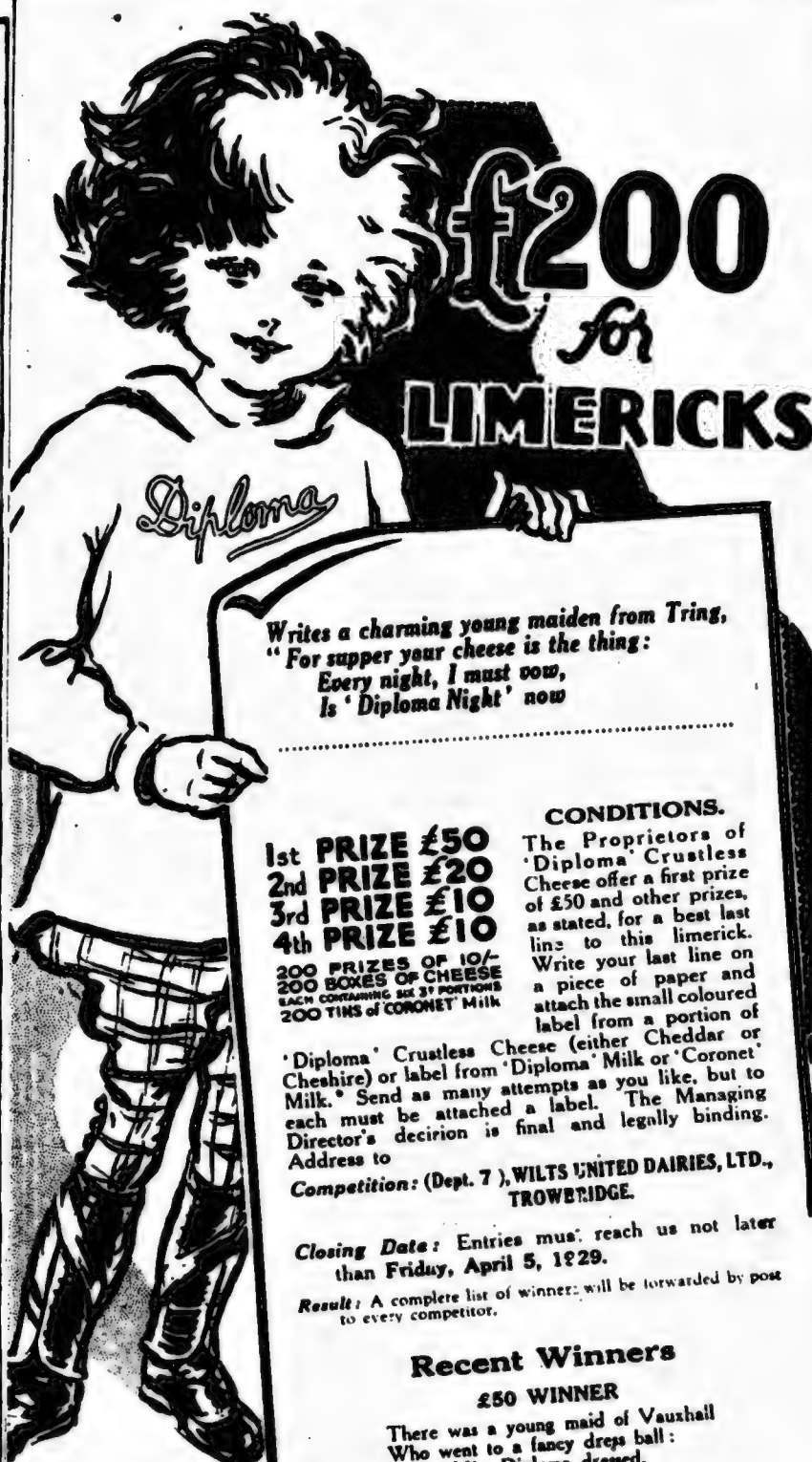
What a difference to the frowns and grunts that used to greet the cold mutton. Looks good!! All cold meat not only looks good, but is good with **MILITARY PICKLE**.

HAYWARD'S

MILITARY PICKLE

HAYWARD BROS., LTD., KENNINGTON, S.E.11.

Of all Grocers, 10d. and 16 per Bottle.



£200 for LIMERICKS

Writes a charming young maiden from Tring,
"For supper your cheese is the thing:
Every night, I must vow,
Is 'Diploma Night' now

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £20
3rd PRIZE £10
4th PRIZE £10

200 PRIZES OF 10/-
200 BOXES OF CHEESE
EACH CONTAINING SIX 37 PORTIONS
200 TINS OF CORONET Milk

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of

'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar or Cheshire) or label from 'Diploma' Milk or 'Coronet' Milk. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition: (Dept. 7), WILTS UNITED DAIRIES, LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, April 5, 1929.

Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

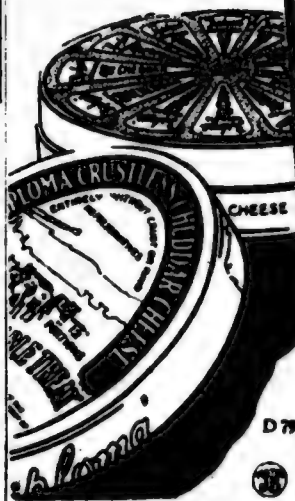
Recent Winners

£50 WINNER

There was a young maid of Vauxhall
Who went to a fancy dress ball:
As Miss Diploma dressed,
She was voted the best,
But at supper was cut by them all.

£20 WINNER

There was a young maid of Vauxhall
Who went to a fancy dress ball:
As Miss Diploma dressed,
She was voted the best,
Like her 'counter' part—pick of them all.



DIPLOMA THE ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Cheddar or Cheshire. Box of 6, 8, or 12 portions 1/4

ASTHMA GOES or money back!

Rinex drives away Asthma in 24 hours in 999 cases out of 1000. If you are that one case where it fails, ON PLATT'S your chemist is authorized to refund your money in full.

Rinex PRESCRIPTION

2/6 and 5/.

PLUVEX ROOF FELT

Best for all small buildings: clean, neat, easy to lay. No tarring, no treading. Unequalled for quality. In rolls of 12 sq. yds. at 5/6. Heavy grade 6/- Every roll guaranteed. Used under lime on concrete prevents rot. LASTS LONGEST! Of brown paper everywhere

FAITH OR FORGETFULNESS?
Why do people writing in for samples of Gibbs famous Shaving Cream so often send no name or address with the yd. they invariably enclose to cover postage and packing?
"Is it faith or forgetfulness?" ask Messrs. D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd., who have had a great number of applications of this type within the past few days.
Messrs. D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd., London, E.C.1, ask any who are conscious of making this mistake to send name and address on a postcard at once.

A FREE OFFER

The proprietors of "232" Grey Flannels offer a free copy of their interesting "232" Booklet, and this will be sent post free on receipt of the coupon appearing in the advertisement on page 29. Post it now, while you think of it.

Saves you £££!



Direct from Factory to rider. The greatest cycle bargain in the world. Hard wearing, easy running and beautifully finished. Easy terms from 10 deposits. Carriage paid anywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded in full. Write to-day for free illustrated catalogue and particulars of 10 days' free riding trial.

Price from **£3 19 6 CASH**

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HOW INDIGESTION ARISES.

The whole of our well-being depends on our digestion being maintained in good order day after day, year in and year out. If the process of digestion becomes faulty, our food begins to poison the system instead of feeding it. This poisoning is caused through all our food not being absorbed, a certain amount being left to ferment in the stomach. Besides poisoning the system, this gives rise to flatulence and water brash, and the whole digestive system is disorganised.

The only way to overcome the trouble is to tone up the digestion so that you can assimilate all your food. To do this you have only to take Dr. Williams' pink pills, for a short course of these pills will quickly tone up the stomach and banish digestive troubles.

The reason Dr. Williams' pink pills are so beneficial to the system is because all the ingredients contained in them are extremely valuable to the human body. One important element acts by imparting increased vitality and life. Ordinary drugs do not do this—they only stimulate.

So if your digestion is wrong, let nothing prevent you from giving Dr. Williams' pink pills a trial. All chemists sell them, 3s. 6d. box—nothing else will do.

FREE. Every victim of indigestion should write to C.F. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for free copy of diet guide "What to Eat."

Miracle

SUPER 5-VALVE PORTABLE

Gives you Europe's Finest Concerts at your finger tips, by the touch of a switch. Its perfect, pure natural tone and volume is amazing; sufficient to fill a large hall or reduced to a whisper at will. So simple to tune that there is nothing to learn.

The World's Greatest Marvel

Ask your dealer to demonstrate. He can arrange terms.



YOURS for 10/-
down
Lists free.

WORLD'S WIRELESS STORES, WALLINGTON.

He is

TEMPTED by a RICH WOMAN

who wants to steal his love. How can he rid himself of her lures?

ALTHOUGH a comparatively poor man, I am beloved by a woman of very much better social standing than myself. She knows I am married, living with my loyal and devoted wife, and that I have three little children; but it makes no difference at all to her ardours. She herself is an unmarried woman of twenty-eight, charming and attractive, and though I have never at any time returned her love, I cannot help experiencing a deep admiration for her.

We attend the same church, and, being a church officer, I have, from time to time, to call at her residence on business.

She asks me in, and as soon as we are alone in her drawing-room she makes open love.

The first time she betrayed herself was because she quite honestly thought that being so much above me in social position I should never find courage to speak for myself.

Naturally, I drew back at once, and told her, as gently as I could, that I was already married. I had hard work to convince her that I was speaking the truth, but when at last I succeeded she broke down and wept bitterly.

I was not long in my wife's company before I told her everything. Though she laughed at first, calling the other woman hysterical, she is now beginning to see that the affair is much too serious to be treated lightly.

My wealthy friend is now taking a new line of attack; she is using my kiddies' future to influence me. She says she will provide money in plenty to educate them as gentlemen and give them a good start in life if only I will accompany her abroad, where she could love me freely and I could call her wife.

I honestly declare that I have never given her the slightest encouragement; yet I fear I may be worn down. I want to stop the friendship completely. How to do it with as little harm as possible all round is my difficulty.

I would ask our minister's advice, but that I fear to prejudice her in the church, yet my temptation has been so great that I feel that something must be done quickly.

"HUMANIST" says: You have forgotten that the duty of a married man "played up to" by a temptress is to shun her.

Keep out of this woman's company and give your wife more of your own. She is evidently a treasure whom you do not value as much as she deserves, or you would not give this other unprincipled woman a second thought.

SECRET KISSES

and her mother's threats

I AM nineteen, and for some time I have been courting a girl of seventeen. So great is our mutual love that whatever happens we feel we would die rather than part.

But our trouble is my girl's mother. She has come between us in the most determined way, and has forbidden me to see her daughter.

Asked for the reason, she declares I am a "rotter," and alleges to my girl that what she has heard of my character would get me the sack if it reached my employers' ears; she threatens that if my girl will not renounce me for good and all, she will inform them.

All seems to date from an evening when some neighbours told the lady they had seen me with my arms round her daughter. I don't deny it, but I do not see why, because a fellow in the gloaming puts his arms about his girl and kisses her, he should at once be accused of evil intent. Tell me how to combat her animosity.

"HUMANIST" says: Honour your girl's mother for her solicitude on her

HERE are some Problems of Life sent by readers and dealt with by "Humanist." Now or later you will be confronted with a problem which may trouble you. "Humanist" will deal with it through the post. Send stamped addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

daughter's behalf. That she is not showing it in the kindest way is due to her anxiety. If you pay her some little attention on her own behalf, letting her see that she is gaining a son rather than losing a daughter, you will soon find the course of true love running smoother.

Health

unto all; may the fulness of life abound in our midst and make happiness rife; the vigour and zest, and the clearness of eye, that radiate fitness and sickness defy; these are the things that transcend even wealth, and glorify life with the beauty of health.

TOO MUCH MONEY

destroys happiness

UNTIL a month ago I was a normal, happy girl. At the age of eighteen I became engaged. This meant more to me than it might have done because, so far as I knew, I had not a relative in the world.

I had been brought up by my guardian, a dry-as-dust lawyer, who apparently took no personal interest in me whatever. I knew he had just enough money in trust for me to pay for my upbringing, and so far as money is concerned he is the soul of honour.

I met my fiancé at a musical society, and when I announced to my guardian that I had become engaged, he said very little. This was a happy surprise, for I had expected a storm.

There followed a year that had been the happiest in my life. My sweetheart and I spent all the hours possible in each other's company.

As my twenty-first birthday approached we made up our minds to be married, determining to start in a very modest way.

Of course, I had to break the news to my guardian, and it was then that I got the shock of my life.

He said that for some time he had been quietly observing my fiancé, and was glad to discover that he was a good, steady fellow. He said that until he had assured himself of this he had suffered some anxiety, the reason being that I was not the poor girl I had always supposed.

On the contrary, I was something of an heiress, being due to receive, under the will of an aunt, a fortune of £15,000 on my twenty-first birthday.

Highly elated, I rushed at the first opportunity to tell my fiancé the glad news.

His face clouded over, and instead of congratulating me he said, "Do you think that I can hold you to your promise now I know you have this money? It has altered all your prospects, and I must give you time to look round."

I was dreadfully taken aback.

This, I know, is only mistaken chivalry on my lover's part, for if the positions were reversed he would expect me to take any amount of money from him. I am sure he has not

changed a jot in his affections, but is only afraid, as we say in the North, of "marrying money and being plagued by the smell of it all his life."

Do tell me what to do before we quarrel over it irrevocably.

"HUMANIST" says: Ask your guardian to act as mediator. Since he, a hard-headed man of business, approves of your lover, he will be able to convince him that he is unnecessarily sensitive and that you really need his help to manage your fortune and set up a comfortable home on it.

Your future will be all the happier now that you know he is no fortune-hunter.

W-WHAT TO D-DO?

Tongue-tied salesman

I AM a commercial traveller, twenty-five years old, and I have been on the road for several years. My trouble has only recently developed.

During the last six months I have begun to stammer and stutter badly, and this defect in my speech is gradually becoming worse.

The first few weeks of my new job resulted in a bunch of orders which thoroughly pleased my employers. The last weeks show a gradual falling off. This, I am sure, is due to my inability to keep up a good flow of conversation and make the best of my samples.

The worry of it is nearly driving me mad, for I have others beside myself—my widowed mother and younger brothers—to support.

"HUMANIST" says: Don't dwell upon your worries, but attend to your general health. Think constantly of the merits of your goods and the big orders that are bound to come.

In urging their merits upon buyers you will gradually lose nervous self-consciousness. That, and undue anxiety, is the sole cause of your distress.

A LONELY BOY

through his own fault

A FORTNIGHT ago I left home for the first time to take up a post as clerk at an R.A.F. camp far from my native county. I find myself very miserable, the work complicated, and the atmosphere around me queer and unfriendly.

I have always tried to live honourably, but the folk I now mix with care nothing for my standards.

The villagers are most unsociable. When I go to chapel no one tries to make my acquaintance. There are other men from my town here, but they spend their evenings in the public-house.

I'm no kill-joy, but I feel this life is killing me. Really, I don't think I'm very keen on clerking. I would rather be in a draper's shop with a view to becoming a buyer, or I'd like a post as valet. Am I too old at twenty-two to take up a new job?

"HUMANIST" says: Since some men have started new jobs at sixty and made a success of them, don't talk nonsense. What's wrong with your present job is a bad attack of homesickness plus a superior attitude that makes others fight shy of you.

Think less of your own "likes" and "dislikes," and do all possible to further your employer's interests.



Our Letter Parliament

My FOUR-FOOTED PAL

Ugly Adonis

Near Worcester, South Africa, I found a mother baboon, just dead, and her baby clinging to her.

I took the mite home, reared him and named him Adonis. Perfectly tame and highly intelligent, he became very attached to the family, and always slept on a mat in my bedroom.

One night a thieving native broke in and received the surprise of his life. With a bark and a spring, Adonis was at his throat.

I laid out the marauder with a sjambok, but I was too late to save my faithful friend from a fatal knife thrust.—H. E. Brimble, W.C.2.

Not a Si'ly Ass!

Liza, an ass, was my four-footed pal. On one occasion I was riding her across the hard wet sand into the water when she suddenly stopped and threw me.

With one foot in the stirrup and holding tight to the reins, she turned and dragged me back to safety.

Then I saw that the sand dune towards which I had been going was gradually vanishing. In five minutes it had been sucked into the sea.—M. S., Devon.

He Has His Points

Not knowing what to do with him, we brought him home and gave him the run of the house. In less than three weeks not a beetle or woodlouse remained, and oh! what glorious feasts Joey had of them!

Joey has been asleep for the last three months in the coal house, hidden in a ball-shaped nest of paper and straw. We are hoping that his winter sleep will not last much longer, for the beetles are again returning.

Joey is, of course, a hedgehog, and is the most useful pal I have ever possessed.—V. Edmonds, Somerset.

Four- or Two Feet

My four-footed friend is a man who lost the use of his legs in the war and who, despite his handicap, manages to earn a comfortable income by boot repairing.

Through depending on crutches to get about, he often remarks that it is a good job other people can walk, or his means of livelihood would vanish.—T. M., Sunderland.

"Home-Killed" Meat

My pal and assistant is a female ferret. In my spare time she helps me to catch rabbits and rats for local farmers, and during the winter months she has often been the means of supplying my Sunday dinner.

The cost of keeping my little pal is very small, and she is so affectionate and tame that my children often play with her in the house.—E. Welsby, Ely.

The Transformation

I have had three four-footed pals, but they are four-footed no longer—having reached their next stage of growth, which means running about very sturdily on two feet.

My four-footed pals were my chubby babies, who delighted my eye by crawling about on all fours before they commenced to walk.—A. V. McL., Bolton.

Letters in Little

After working in a boot factory amidst dust and noise, I arrive home each night eager to be welcomed by my four-footed pal—the bed.—S. J. Ward, Notts.

Perhaps you think a rabbit can't be a pal, but you have never seen Peter. He can do anything but talk.—Frank Peace, Huddersfield.

I had just returned from a fatigue party, and, feeling tired, I lay down to snatch some rest. A white cat crept up and settled itself beside me. When I awoke, three hours later, four kittens were sharing my overcoat.—J. Moore, Liverpool.

If a thief came to the house at night, Roy, my fat and lazy spaniel, would probably wag his tail in welcome and then lead the marauder over the house in a most courteous manner. But despite his apparent uselessness, I could fill a book about him and his dear loving ways.—J. Bungray.

ONE dark night, while returning home with Billy, my goat pal, I was stopped by two men who demanded money.

I had very little, but prepared to defend myself, and as they closed, something happened with startling rapidity.

No sooner had the struggle begun than one of them was sent flying forward, his mate quickly following him.

Before they could regain their feet Billy charged at them again, and when they did manage to get up, they fled for their lives.—P. Hill, Scarborough.

Won and Lost

Towards the end of the war I found a stray mongrel, which soon became my closest companion.

Our major, however, disliked all dogs, and peremptorily ordered me to get rid of the animal. I could not bring myself to do this, for I was becoming daily fonder of it.

Some time later I was greatly surprised to see the major patting the dog, and this led up to a real friendship between the two.

It was not long after this that the major was killed, and the dog, after seeing his new friend laid to rest, disappeared.—"Clodhopper," Herefordshire.

In the Darkness

Harum Scarum was always such a wild scrap of dogginess until one day when I took her out on the lead.

Trotting slowly before me, she suddenly pulled me with a lurch from the open well; then led me sedately over the fields and across the narrow bridge to the wood.

Back we came again along the winding path to the cottage, where she flopped by the fireside, panting and triumphant.

Harum Scarum had grown up at last! You see, I had gone blind—and she understood.—D. Holland, W.C.

A Hanging Matter

While chatting with a neighbour one day, my little dog rushed up to me and pulled at my dress.

Running indoors, I found my eighteen-months-old baby hanging over his high chair by the scarf with which I tied his neck.

Had the dog been a second later, my baby would have been dead.—R. Halford, Southampton.

Gallant Mastiff

Whilst in India, I set out one day for a day's shooting, accompanied by Bruno, a half-bred mastiff.

On our way back to camp, feeling tired, I sat down beside a tree and dozed. I awoke to see a growling Bruno fighting a black bear.

My first shot wounded the beast, and my second having missed fire, I broke

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 200 words, are invited as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 20s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament."

My Romance

my rifle across its head and finished it off with a revolver shot.

I sustained some severe wounds on my legs and hands, and was forced to hobble home as best I could without my dog, who had vanished.

Nearing the camp, I met Bruno leading a rescue party—and a few hours later my faithful friend died of his wounds.—W. D., Bristol.

"Rab"

There's aye ae frien' wha's e'e lights up

At night when I come hame;

In wealth or poortith, rain or shine,

This crony's aye the same.

This frien' o' mine wha cheers me up—

I canna say he's bonnie,

For he's lost an e'e an' hauf a lug;

Yet he's the best o' ony.

Sae what care I that frien' are few

When life seems dreich an' drab;

There's aye ae frien' that's leal an' true—

Ma wee Scotch terrier, Rab.—W. J., Dumbarton.

Honour's Guardian

Although he overflows with friendliness, my dog has always distrusted one of my acquaintances.

This fellow made a habit of visiting me while my husband was out, and I was alone in the house. One day he became very unpleasant in his manner, till, suddenly, my dog leapt on to my lap and growled fiercely at him.

The man left hurriedly, and my honour was saved.—Mrs. F. M. H., Walsall.

Obstinate Unto Death

It was in France in the early part of 1918 when, as a pack-mule, I first had charge of him. One morning we were going up the line with ammunition and rations, when Fritz began dropping shells.

My four-footed comrade began his usual game, rearing first and then turning about like a flywheel, dragging me with him.

A shell burst by our side, and he, being between myself and the shell, got the full result of the explosion and was killed, while I got off scot-free.—H. C., Warminster.

Homely Wisdom

Easter Glory



by the Rev.
R. J. CAMPBELL,
D.D.

BY the time these words appear I expect to be back in my own country, but it is good to have seen something of other lands and other ways of living at this season of the year.

It is interesting to watch, for instance, the preparations that are being made by an energetic but light-hearted people to welcome the Spring in California, a part of the world that seems to me to have no winter.

There are no hedgerows here as in England, but there are miles of flowering shrubs, and wherever grass grows flowers grow, too, for a few weeks with a brilliance.

The people have an eye for fine effects and spiritual symbolism.

Not far from where I sit on a wild mountain-side they have placed a gigantic cross in memory of the labours and sacrifices of the famous Spanish missionary, Father Junipero Serra, whose name will ever be associated with the history of this State.

Round the cross they gather to sing at sunrise on Easter morning amid such

a scene of natural splendour as can hardly be matched anywhere else in the world. Every hue of the rainbow is represented in the blossoms and foliage that spread thickly in every direction.

Towering eminences and rocky cañons are alike garbed in robes of beauty whence a fragrance is distilled sweeter by far than the clouds of incense that roll through gorgeous cathedral aisles.

Later they arrange a dramatic representation of the greatest event that has ever taken place in the history of the world. There

are processions and music, and then as darkness draws on, the cross at a great elevation is illuminated.

To us in England the message of Easter is the same as for the rest of mankind.

It is the festival of Springtime. Our pagan forefathers welcomed this annually recurring phenomenon with great rejoicing.

But with the coming of Christ the whole meaning of the festival was lifted to a higher plane. It is the assurance of immortality and the victory of love.

DUGGIE NEVER OWES

Douglas Stuart

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Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR Replies

The Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

Remember that our Service specialises in financial advice. The small investor receives expert and safe counsel on his worries.

G. S. (Shirley).—"Where do all the motor-cars go?" They don't.

W. T. (Hendon).—"If I were you I'd be more sensible." Quite.

H. A. (Sutton).—"I feel I have no faults." That makes another one.

R. K. (Luton).—"Have you a fever, old chap?" Yes, thanks.

R. G. (Bristol).—"What is nicer than cold bath before breakfast?" No cold bath before breakfast.

P. R. (Ashford).—"Do you think I shall get anything if I consult a solicitor?" A bill for 6s. 8d.

R. K. (Guildford).—"I dare say you remember my face." Unfortunately we must forget it.

K. F. (Charing Cross).—"I notice the land is being dug up again." Yes; perhaps someone has lost a banana.

A. J. (Sunbury).—"Why do women carry such large handbags?" Because they hold more.

D. R. (Strood).—"It's a good thing to give credit where credit is due." But much better to be paid in cash.

W. S. (Minehead).—"My aunt refuses to give me any money." Then you'll have to go to uncle.

T. Y. (Rochdale).—"Flattery has made many a woman's head." So has pride.

F. F. (Oxford).—"I was struck senseless some weeks ago." When do you expect to recover?

FRIMMER (S.W.2).—"Why is it said that the ghost walks on pay day?" Because that's the day your spirits rise.

OLLY (Bloomsbury).—"The show ran only four hours on the first night." That's quite a long run nowadays.

R. (Mansfield).—"To think about troubles is to waste your time." To talk about them is to waste other people's time.

MISS N. (Hilsey).—"What shall I do if he proposes to me suddenly?" Accept just as suddenly, before he can change his mind.

N. (Lampport).—"I only had one of the whole day." The trouble was to have been that you kept on asking it.

C. (Eythorne).—"A man who gives when he's wrong is a wise man." A man who gives in when he's right is a coward.

A. (Brandon).—"There are, at any rate, some people who live according to means." And others according to means.

MISS S. (Hull).—"What should a girl do when her young man tells her he doesn't want to see her any more?" Go out the light.

J. (Poole).—"Many a man has been in love with a dimple." And made the mistake of marrying the girl.

M. (Truro).—"Should I confess to my sweetheart that I dye my hair—or dyeing it and let her see for herself?" Keep it dark.

E. (Leeds).—"I don't think new eggs should be so high." If they are high, we don't think they are new eggs.

E. (Exeter).—"The mixture which is supposed to grow a moustache was utterly worthless." What a barefaced swindle!

WEN (Weedon).—"I'm the happiest man in the world. I'm marrying the girl I want." Lots of girls are married unless they can marry the man they don't want.

D. G. (Watford).—"Will you send me a guinea for this article?" Not half!

M. B. (Clifton).—"If you were left £50,000 what would you do?" Nothing!

L. B. (Penge).—"I didn't eat any lunch on my first Channel crossing." On the contrary, perhaps.

P. A. (Brighton).—"I am a tender husband." Perhaps you are kept continually in hot water.

O. S. (Thrapston).—"Can you tell me a good horse to follow?" Yes, one that the other horses follow.

V. A. (Brighton).—"What is the difference between firmness and obstinacy?" Merely a matter of sex.

U. F. (Grantham).—"What is alimony?" Payment made by one for a mistake made by two.

B. T. (Uxbridge).—"I should hate to marry one of twins." You prefer an exclusive model.

P. V. (Westminster).—"Politics make strange bed-fellows." But they soon get used to the same bunk.

O.D. (Egham).—"Why are skis pronounced skis?" Because you never know what they'll do next.

M. E. (Fulham).—"Women forgive men who stick to them." And men stick to women who forgive them.

C. T. (Harrow).—"I have an open mind." About time it was closed for repairs.

B. G. (Frome).—"The most courteous man I ever struck was a London policeman." That was before you struck him, of course.

V. L. (Durham).—"An uncle of mine went to America and made a fortune in tinned meat." Bully!

F. L. (Truro).—"I have found the ideal barber at last." Is he deft and dumb?

D. F. (Horley).—"Do you ever go out in the evening for a little constitutional?" No, we keep it in the house.

V. K. (Aldgate).—"Clothes aren't everything." No; many a young man who is well turned out turns out badly.

A. L. (Badditch).—"I told her she would drive me out of my mind." That's not a drive; that's a putt.

MISS G. (Retford).—"I shall have a wedding without any of the usual trappings." Except, of course, the preliminary trapping of the bridegroom.

D. H. (Dover).—"I distinctly heard a jazz band broadcast from America the other night on my three-valve set." Then we recommend a crystal set.

D. H. (Barnes).—"Larks, I believe, hold the altitude record among small birds." No wonder, with all the spring poems being addressed to it.

G. K. (Keighley).—"Women as a rule like self-made men." When they marry one, though, they generally do their best to make a few alterations.

MRS. D. (Lewisham).—"If a hen and a chicken are carefully dressed, it is very difficult to tell the difference between them." Is that a cookery hint or a fashion note?



Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

"THE IRISH TIMES":—"He retired from the Navy in 1888 with the rank of lieutenant-colonel."

"DAILY NEWS":—"If you tell me that he does not worry about hell or eternal punishment I readily agree."

"DERBY DAILY TELEGRAPH":—"Bradford City 5, Tranmere Rovers 0. THE REQUEST WAS ADJOURNED UNTIL TOMORROW."

"THE TIMES OF INDIA":—"The New Year Honours List, which was postponed owing to His Majesty the King's illness, will probably be issued in the years AFTER HIS RELEASE FROM JAIL."

R. E. (Farnham).—"What is the best thing for insomnia?" Sleep.

B. S. (Edmonton).—"I suppose I must go home and face the music." We have a gramophone and wireless, too!

T. W. (Streatley).—"Do you eat bacon for breakfast?" Only in our rasher moments.

T. A. (Leeds).—"A gas-main blew me across the road." That's nothing to what a gas bill can do.

G. J. (Kettering).—"The Leader of the Opposition should be paid a salary." A sort of restraining fee.

GRACE (Aldwick).—"I have steady employment." Keeping your husband at work?

T. V. (Worthing).—"The modern girl has her day dreams." She doesn't get time for that sort of thing at night.

J. F. (Goole).—"It's easy to run away with a man's wife." But it's hard work to keep up with her.

L. H. (Ipswich).—"He gave me a lame excuse." Perhaps he hadn't a leg to stand on.

C. Y. (Amersham).—"Women are all the same." All the same, every woman is different.

H. D. (Esher).—"He used to be one of the best." As long as he could provide it for his friends, no doubt.

D. E. (Stoke).—"Do you believe that we have descended from monkeys?" Some of us have not descended.

L. S. (Kensington).—"I find it hard to be short of cash." You're lucky—we don't.

N. K. (Cosham).—"Where can I get a camel's hair brush?" We didn't know they used them.

S. G. (Hull).—"She was a clinging vine before our marriage." And now she seems to have become a crimson Rambler.

K. P. (Queenhithe).—"My uncle has left all his money to the woman who rejected him." And yet they say there is no gratitude in the world.

J. U. (Virginia Water).—"I have no sympathy for a man who beats his wife." A man who can beat his wife doesn't need any sympathy.

W. T. (Leicester).—"Some people are stupid enough to take in everything they hear." And others are clever enough to take in everyone they meet.

C. R. (Bexley Heath).—"There seems to me to be more rubbishy cigars on the market now than ever before." Ill weeds grow apace.

A. L. (Manchester).—"As you can see from this letter, sir, I do not want brains." No—you seem quite happy without them.

H. D. T. (Bath).—"I could have kicked myself for not thinking of that First Prize 'Bullet' last week." Kick off with a good "Bullet" this week and come to the Cup Final with us.

H. P. (Redhill).—"I can never win a crossword prize, though I spend hours every evening with a dictionary." Still, sooner or later you may find things looking up.



F. N. (Hampel).—"A man should put his wife before his car." Few wives, however, would wait to be run over.

S. A. (Frome).—"I only had one cigarette left." At your last gasper.

A. H. (Gosport).—"Mr. Churchill is a man of the right stamp." But not the penny stamp, unfortunately.

D. N. (Romford).—"Too much bending does me no good." Especially if it is bending the elbow.

K. D. (Rugby).—"Why should the word 'prounaine' be spelled with a P?" Yes, it certainly does seem pstrange.

S. G. (East Dulwich).—"The girl I want to marry gets her own living as an insurance agent." Are you sure she will accept your proposal?

D. B. J. (Dorking).—"I am certain I have seen a ghost cross my bedroom three nights running." You're lucky—we've never even seen a ghost walk.

MISS S. (Twickenham).—"My boy has not the courage to cross the line between friendship and love. But what can I do?" Throw him over.

MISS F. J. (Teddington).—"I applied for the position as mannequin and was asked to send photographs." Merely as a matter of form, we suppose.

F. H. (Kennington).—"You sent my article back to me." We are glad it arrived safely—it seemed almost too weak to travel.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

FOR CHEAPER WIRELESS

Here are batteries that not only cost less to buy, but much less to maintain. Special plates allow them to stand semi-discharged for months without harm. You can therefore make recharging very infrequent by using a larger battery. By far the best battery for house bells also.

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THE LONG LIFE BATTERY



PRICES PER 2 VOLT UNIT

Type DTC, 20 amp. hrs. - 4/6	Type DFO, 45 amp. hrs. - 8/6
With carrier - 5/-	With carrier - 9/-
Type DMQ, 70 amp. hrs. - 11/-	Type DHO, 100 amp. hrs. - 14/6

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Exide Batteries, Clifton Junction, Near Manchester

STRIKING TESTIMONY from a LEADING LIGHTWEIGHT SPECIALIST

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WEIGHT
SPECIALISTS

J. & A. BAXTER
J. HAMILTON
PROPRIETOR

9 WASHINGTON ST., ANDERSTON CROSS.

"STAR"
LIGHTWEIGHT
CYCLES AND
TANDEMS
BUILT TO
ORDER

Glasgow, 7th Jan. 1929.

Messrs. Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd.,
46, North Wallace Street,
Glasgow.

Dear Sirs,

Allow me to congratulate you on your latest addition to the Dunlop range of cycle tyres, namely the new Road Racing cover. Being an old hand at the racing game I can see at once the great improvement made over previous Dunlop tyres of this description. The soft rubber tread and supple fabric gives the nearest approach to a hand-made racing cover I have seen, while the type of tread should be very fast yet free from tendency to side-slip. Although I have not yet had time to test this cover personally I am recommending it to my customers with confidence because the characteristics of a first class speed tyre are so pronounced.

I should like also to mention that I have tested your new No. 3 road racing tubular tyre over about 700 miles of all sorts of roads and frequently in very wet weather with most satisfactory results. The tread seems to be very tough for there is not a mark of wear or a cut in it. The tyre ran without giving the slightest trouble and proved very fast. I should point out to you that this tyre is much lighter than anything in use in this district for racing on the road, yet I would recommend it without fear to all speedmen who want the best.

Yours faithfully,

John Hamilton

DUNLOP—the tyres for SPEEDMEN!

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LTD.,
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HEALTH CAME WITH CASSELL'S TABLETS

Read what she says:

"I had suffered for years with severe indigestion. The pain I endured sometimes was so severe that I felt afraid to eat anything and headaches hardly ever ceased. One day my sister urged me to take Cassell's Tablets, and I took her advice. My health began to improve from the first dose. I could sleep, my appetite improved and I could eat without having to suffer. Now I feel really well and strong."—Mrs. C. Rex, 4, Charlotte Terrace Barnsbury, N.1.



KEEP well and happy! Health and high spirits depend greatly on plenty of nerve-strength, and a good digestion. Nervy and dyspeptic people usually become dull, irritable and listless. Ask yourself: Do you feel tired out in the middle of the morning? Do your nerves feel on edge? Do you have sleepless nights? Do you suffer from indigestion, flatulence or sickness? If you do, it is obvious that you are in need of a tonic—such as Cassell's.

Nourishes the Nerves, Strengthens the Digestion, Enriches the Blood. Mrs. Rex is one of the thousands of women who have found new health and happiness in Cassell's Tablets. Let them do the same for you. Start a course this very day! Cassell's contain special nerve foods, digestive correctives, and blood nutrients, which repair the damage done to your nerves and digestion by the many devitalised foods we eat.

**TAKE CASSELL'S FOR INSOMNIA,
FLATULENCE, INDIGESTION, HEADACHES, Etc.**

**1/3 &
3/-** per box



Our Worst Winter of Sickness.

"JOHN BULL" PAYS 50—£5 5s. CHEQUES

The winter that is waning will be known as one of the worst on record for sickness. Doctors have been overworked as never before. Hospital wards have been crowded. Illness such as Measles, Smallpox, Diphtheria, etc., has been rife. Those who remembered to register have

received cheques of £5 5s. under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift—cheques which brought sunshine into the ward and into the home. We give below the names of the fifty readers who benefit this week.

SICKNESS BENEFITS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 55 5 CWMCAEN, MON.—Mr. E. NORMAN
49, Newport Road. | 55 5 BLACKBOD, Nr. CHORLEY.—Mrs. S.
DUNSTON, 374, Manchester Road. |
| 55 5 LOUTH, Lincs.—Mr. J. W. LISKILL,
South Road, North Somercotes. | 55 5 MERIHYE TYDFIL.—Mrs. M. REES, 16
Corporation Street, Penyard. |
| 55 5 BROMPTON BY SAUND.—Mr. C. H.
BENWICK, Sawdon. | 55 5 SOWERBY BRIDGE.—Mr. C. H. HOOTON
4A, Bedford Terrace. |
| 55 5 LONDON, N.6.—Mr. A. SHORTER, 332,
Archway Road. | 55 5 BOLSOVER, CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. G.
WARD, 11, Oxcroft Lane. |
| 55 5 LINCOLN.—Mrs. F. BRADFORD, 1, Kenneth
Street. | 55 5 JARROW-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. N. SWINNEY,
83, Ellison Street. |
| 55 5 HAWICK, ROXBURGHSHIRE.—Mrs. E.
OLIVER, 3, Garfield Street. | 55 5 ILKESTON.—Miss D. WARNER, 12, Albert
Villas. |
| 55 5 HARMSTON, Nr. LINCOLN.—Mrs. W. J.
WYLLIE, High Street. | 55 5 BRAMPTON, Nr. CHESTERFIELD.—Mr.
W. BAKER, 39, Springfield Avenue. |
| 55 5 HARMSTON, LINCOLN.—Mr. THOS. GILBERT,
Church Lane. | 55 5 PENICUIK, MIDLOTHIAN.—Mrs. J.
FORREST, Kirkhill. |
| 55 5 EASTBOURNE.—Mrs. A. M. STANDEN,
21, Corporation Road. | 55 5 ANFIELD.—Mrs. M. ADAMSON, 7, Lampet
Road. |
| 55 5 KENNINGTON.—Mrs. A. YELLOLY, 3 Flat,
28, Newburn Street Buildings. | 55 5 GUILDFORD.—Mrs. E. BULLOCK, 18, The
Oval. |
| 55 5 OVENDEN, HALIFAX.—Mr. C. DOWNS-
BOROUGH, 9, Rugby Terrace. | 55 5 BARGOE.—Mr. E. MARCHANT, 4, St.
Mary Street, Giffach. |
| 55 5 NORTH SHIELDS.—Mr. J. NOTT, Senr.,
57, Tyne Street. | 55 5 LLANABARAN, PONTYCLUN.—Mr. W. E.
DAVIES, 4, Grove Terrace. |
| 55 5 SELSTON, NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. A. E.
POWELL, Alma Terrace. | 55 5 WORRELL, Nr. SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. W.
REYITT, Ryemore Cottages. |
| 55 5 CASTLEFORD.—J. LIVERSEDGE, Junr.,
23, Wellington Street. | 55 5 BEDLINGTON, NORTHUMBERLAND.—
Mr. JAMES GOWANS, Fairbairns Yard. |
| 55 5 FOLKESTONE.—Mrs. D. MILES, 9, Page
Place. | 55 5 PLYMOUTH.—Mr. G. CLEMENT, 4, Mc-
bourne Street. |
| 55 5 BOLSOVER, Nr. CHESTERFIELD.—Mr.
B. HUTTON, 21, Sutton Hall Road. | 55 5 WARRINGTON.—Mrs. T. THOMSON, 15,
Harvey Lane, Golborne. |
| 55 5 LEEDS.—Mrs. W. FINE, 3, Back Craven
Street, Woodhouse Street. | 55 5 ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.—Mrs. G.
SMITH, 39, Wigley Street. |
| 55 5 SWINDON.—Mrs. M. HARVEY, 81, Dixon
Street. | 55 5 NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. F. WOODCOCK, 15,
Radford Road. |
| 55 5 BOLSOVER, Nr. CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs.
G. STIRLING, 44, Bentinck Road. | 55 5 ELY.—Mr. F. H. GILBERT, Elm Cottage,
Sutton. |
| 55 5 ABERCROMBIE, ABERDEEN.—Mrs. W.
JAMES, 1, School Street. | 55 5 CROYDON.—Mr. W. E. MARSHALL, 323,
Mitcham Road. |
| 55 5 CASTLEFORD.—Mrs. S. A. HURLEY, 105,
Olebe Street. | 55 5 LENTON ABBEY.—Mr. E. KINTON, 5,
Audley Drive. |
| 55 5 MERIDEN, Nr. COVENTRY.—Mrs. V.
ROBERTS, Hampton Lane. | 55 5 BLACKWOOD, MON.—Mr. G. BENFIELD,
4, Mont Claire Avenue. |
| 55 5 CREWE.—Mrs. M. NOTT, 4, Oakley
Street. | 55 5 WHITBURN, Co. DURHAM.—Mrs. E.
BELLAK, 28, Mill Lane. |
| 55 5 BOLDON COLLIERY.—Mrs. J. C. MORTON,
21, Davison Street. | 55 5 CAERHARRIS, DOWLAIS.—Mrs. A. A.
MORRIS, 27, Cwm Canal Street. |
| 55 5 FARNBOROUGH.—Mrs. J. M. ANSLON,
110, Peabody Road. | 55 5 MIDDLETON, MANCHESTER.—Mrs. H.
LEWING, 94, Higher Wood Street. |

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT— "John Bull" Covers You Free—Sign NOW

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To (Name of
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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me
weekly until further notice.

Signature

Address

Date

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 30/3/29.

POST THIS COUPON TO

"John Bull" Registration Department,
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent
for the regular weekly delivery of John Bull.
Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature

Age

Address

Name and address
of Newsagent

Date

Use 4d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A
certificate setting out the full benefits and
conditions and certifying registration will be
sent if 4d. stamped addressed envelope is
enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE
CLEARLY. J.B., 30/3/29.

"GREATEST OF THESE" FUND ON PAGE 5



100 CUP FINAL PRIZES

100 £3.3.0 CUP FINAL PRIZES

consisting of £2.20 cash and a £1.10 ticket for the Wembley Cup Final on April 27th..... See particulars on this page



BIG BULLETS' FIRST

£300

OTHER PRIZES
£50
£25

500 2/6	10 OF £5 10 OF £4	8,000 TARGET PRIZES
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THIS WAY TO THE CUP FINAL!

THIS week the opportunity for 100 competitors to see the English Cup Final at Wembley Stadium on Saturday, April 27, is the big attraction of the *Bullets* prize-list.

Each of the winners will receive the sum of £2 2s. cash to cover the expenses of a trip to London to which will be added a £1 1s. ticket of admission, so that JOHN BULL's guests will see the great game in absolute comfort. In the event of Cup Final tickets not being available we reserve the right to substitute £1 1s. cash.

Keep your eye on Wembley this week, but do not overlook the other prizes of this unusual one-week offer. A cheque for £300 is awaiting the first Prize-winner and there are hundreds of other cash prizes to be won, ranging from £50 down to 2/6. Remember—you have only one week in which to score, so start on your *Bullets* to-day!

HOW TO WIN A "BULLETS" PRIZE

READING a newspaper the other day, an astute *Bullets* competitor noticed a striking head-line consisting of four words. He immediately turned to the examples in the current issue of JOHN BULL and discovered one which he linked up with the head-line. The result was a neat *Bullet* which captured a prize of £2. That shows the ease with which a winning *Bullet* may be constructed. First read carefully through the Examples given on this page, and select one or two. Now concentrate on a chosen Example until you have expressed some likely meaning in Two, Three or Four Words which aptly link up with the Example to make an original and prize-worthy effort.

Here are some recent Big Winners to guide you.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| Example: THE VITAL QUESTION | Bullet: LAND—USELESS "BEGGING IT." |
| Example: WISDOM OF SOLOMON | Bullet: NEEDED—"SOLOMON V. SOLOMON." |
| Example: THE DE-RATING BILL | Bullet: NEW BILL—WORSE HOLE. |
| Example: WORDS ARE CHEAP | Bullet: "MARK" THAT BEFORE BALLOT-PAPER. |
| Example: JEALOUSY | Bullet: "MONSTER"—BUT HOW "SMALL." |
| Example: NEEDS PROTECTION | Bullet: FOOT—SO WISE HAMPERED. |

The Result of "Bullets" Competition No. 708 (Life Pension, Ideal Home, or Fortune Offer) will appear next week.

"BULLETS" RULES.

The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in proportion to the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 1d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "A.C." competitors must write their names and addresses on the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must be mutilated.

The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received will have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

ADVANCE DETAILS FOR "BULLETS" No. 712.

First Prize £600—Second Prize £50—Third Prize £25. Ten Prizes of £5—20 Prizes of £2 10s.—25 Prizes of £1—50 Prizes of 10s.—500 prizes of 2s. 6d.—8,000 "Target" Prizes.

For Goodness Sake—Raising Our Hopes—Prices Would Fall If—Anybody Would Think That—An Opportunist—Britain's Visitors—Poor Excuse—She Said She'd Obey, Yet—Taking No Chances—Obstructing The Traffic—Be Careful, "Jix"—How He Got Caught—All Men Are Liars—Wiped Out—What The Chamberlain Said—Deserves Promotion—Curiously Enough—Man Of The World—On His Majesty's Service—Anticipating In Black And White—Job For Scotland Yard—Mock Marriage—Don't Tell Anybody, But—Talk—Talk—Talk—A Man-hater—Conservative, Labour Or Liberal—Nothing To Do With Her—In The Spirit World—Welsh Wizard—Sonny Boy—"Keep Off The Grass!"

(Closing Saturday, April 13.)

SPECIAL REBATE PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2, and £1 respectively will be paid to the winners from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 711 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

Any reader may obtain a free copy of "Bullets" Bulletin, our new help for competitors, by forwarding a stamped and addressed envelope, 3d. postage paid, to JOHN BULL, 11, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Applications dealt with in London.

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 711.

LEAVING THE COUNTRY COME ALONG, RANBY— SUFFERED AREA SMALL, GRASS-KEEPER THE OLD THROUGH "THIS WAY OUT" PAYFUL DAY TIME IS FLYING, YET MAN OR WOMAN ON REFLECTION WE MAY GRUNBLE, BUT	TIED OF TRYING POPULAR IDEA PRESSURE OF BUSINESS TREASURES HOPELESS CONFUSION IT DOESN'T MATTER IF HE KISSED HER AND FOND OF CRITICISING COMING FASHION MAKES FOREIGNERS SMILE ONCE AGAIN	XXX POOR JOKE ABOUT IF ONLY I'D KNOWN CODE OF HONOUR THE PENALTY INDISCREET NO WORK, NO MONEY SHOCK FOR THE CANDIDATE THE FINAL
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Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, April 6.	
Bullet _____	
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
(711) P.O. No. _____	Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.	
Address _____	

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, April 6.	
Bullet _____	
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
(711) P.O. No. _____	Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.	
Address _____	

Use Two, Three, or Four words. Enter name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, April 6.	
Bullet _____	
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
(711) P.O. No. _____	Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	
Address _____	

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, April 6.	
Bullet _____	
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
(711) P.O. No. _____	Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.	
Address _____	

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 711, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

FIRST PRIZE DOUBLED! **£600** NEXT WEEK ONLY!

BOVRIL

makes you
yourself again

BOVRIL soon puts
a man on his feet



Influenza, colds and chills leave many people in a weakened state. Bovril shortens this period of "exhaustion" because it is a *quick restorative* and starts at once to build up and strengthen the system.

BOVRIL SAVES WEEKS OF WEAKNESS